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HENRY IRVING.

A CHRONICLE OF HIS AMERICAN TOURS.

16mo. Bound in Parchment Paper, \$1.25.

In Preparation.

THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF EDWIN BOOTH.

THE STAGE LIFE OF ADELAIDE NEILSON.

MEMOIR OF LAWRENCE BARRETT.

ESSAYS ON THE ACTING OF ELLEN TERRY.

MEMOIR OF JOHN MCCULLOUGH.

THE WALLACK FAMILY OF ACTORS.

Etc.



GEO. J. COOMBES,

Publisher,

NEW-YORK.

THE STAGE LIFE OF MARY ANDERSON.



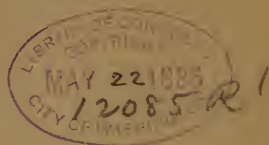
Wm. H. Morrison

THE STAGE LIFE
OF
MARY ANDERSON

BY
✓
WILLIAM WINTER
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*"Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw
And saving those that eye thee."
—Shakespeare.*

NEW-YORK
GEORGE J. COOMBES
1886



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TO
THE MEMORY OF
CHARLES H. ANDERSON,
THE FORTUNATE YET ILL-FATED FATHER,
WHO, DYING WHEN HIS DAUGHTER WAS A LITTLE CHILD,
MISSED EQUALLY THE KNOWLEDGE OF HER
RENOWN AND THE BLESSING
OF HER LOVE.

PREFACE.

The actress whose public life is recounted in this memoir and chronicle, though yet in the morning of her career, has already done a great work and has obtained a noble renown. It is customary to deplore that the glory of the dramatic artist is unsubstantial; that it soon fades into oblivion, leaving no tangible and permanent result. Yet there is no richer or more abiding glory to be gained on earth than is secured in the exercise of ennobling influence upon humanity, and especially upon the development of the young; and this privilege is peculiarly within the reach of the actor. It is true that even the finest achievements in the art of acting, if they live at all as subjects of popular knowledge, must live as pictures in the memory. Dramatic names once illustrious have already become

shadows. In that respect theatrical reputation certainly is ephemeral. One of the characteristics of the present literary period, however, is its marked tendency toward modifying this evanescence of histrionic repute, by making copious and minute memorials of the stage. The present writer, whose continual occupation it has been for the last twenty-five years to record, describe, and discuss the professional proceedings of actors, is aware of having steadily endeavoured to impart to his theatrical commentaries a warmth of sympathy, an earnestness of thought, and a fidelity of portraiture which eventually might make them helpful to augment, in the element of perpetuity, the fame of the actors portrayed. This purpose has been especially pursued by him in describing the dramatic performances given by Miss Mary Anderson, since she first appeared in the American capital, in 1877. The present volume, largely composed of his writings in the New York Tribune, carefully revised, has grown out of the design thus indicated. Its publication at this time is made in practical response to the urgent request of many persons who are, naturally, interested in its subject; and also it is made in the strong conviction that it is better to

place a wreath of roses on the living brow of genius and beauty than to cast a sad garland on their tomb. The author hopes that this book may be accepted as a useful contribution to the historical record of the contemporary stage; but also he desires that it may be viewed as an earnest and reverent testimonial, however unworthy, to the lofty character and shining career of an extraordinary woman, who, blessed with great powers and auspicious opportunity, has used them for the advancement of a great and noble art, and thus for the benefit of the world.

W. W.

*Fort Hill, New Brighton,
Staten Island, N. Y.,
May 4, 1886.*



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I

THE LADDER OF FAME

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar !

—BEATTIE.

THOSE who greatly succeed in the conduct of life teach many valuable lessons to others and give great happiness to the world.

The beauty
of true suc-
cess.

All cannot succeed. In the customary course of things many must fail. But to a just and sensitive mind the spectacle of a lofty, puissant character and a noble prosperity is one of the incomparable comforts of human experience. Such a mind will find delight in dwelling upon this spectacle, will exult in it, and will extol it ; for the good reason that here is manifest a brilliant example, soothing and encouraging, of the capabilities inherent in human nature. A

Motive of
this book.

great character greatly successful, shining in its righteous eminence and irradiating a beneficent grace, implies the divine element and the celestial future of mankind. Nothing can be more helpful to humanity than the contemplation of this kind of success. An impulse to celebrate such a character and to tell, in such detail as is permissible, the story of such a life, therefore explains itself, and surely it does not need the shield of apology.

Mary Anderson born in
California.

MARY ANTOINETTE ANDERSON was born at Sacramento, California, on July 28, 1859. Her father, Charles Henry Anderson, was a native of New York; her mother, Marie Antoinette Leugers, was a native of Philadelphia. Mary is the elder of two children born of this marriage, the younger being her brother, Charles Joseph Anderson, a native of Louisville, Kentucky, born January 28, 1863. Her father died in 1863, aged 29, at Mobile, Alabama, and his ashes rest in the Magnolia Cemetery at that place. Her mother is now the wife of Dr. Hamilton Griffin, of Louisville, to whom she was married in 1867. Mary was taken to Louisville in the spring of 1860, and in that city she passed her childhood and early

Educated in
Kentucky.

youth and received her education. She was for eighteen months a pupil at the Ursuline Convent there, and subsequently for three years and a half a pupil at the Presentation Academy, a Roman Catholic school, kept by nuns, adjacent to the cathedral. She was reared in the Roman Catholic faith, and, especially, she was fortunate in being instructed and trained by her mother's uncle, Father Anthony Müller, a Franciscan priest, a thorough scholar, and a man equally remarkable for the originality and power of his intellect and the purity and benignity of his character. Her direct tuition, however, was comprised within five years, and it ended before she was quite fourteen years old. She was not in her girlhood an assiduous student, and, although since then her reading has been extensive, the observer of her public life must regard her not as a product of the schools but exclusively as a product of nature. Throughout her youth she was a dreamer, averse by the operation of her temperament to restraint and subjection, averse also to companionship. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." Much of the time during those early years was passed by her in solitary reverie and in

Brief period
at school.

Early passion for the stage.

Influence of Edwin Booth.

making pictures in the clouds. While yet a child her fancy was caught by the stage, and from the first she manifested a passionate interest in everything relative to theatrical art. Sometimes she would be taken by her mother to see a play, and then she would act it over again at home; and in such repetitions she would manifest apt, interesting, and remarkable talent. She early evinced, also, a surprising taste and capacity for music. Several of the tragic impersonations of Edwin Booth were seen by her, and these exerted a powerful influence upon her mind and feelings, strongly impelling her, indeed, to the choice of the stage for her own avocation. One of her favourite books at that time was the "Life of Edwin Booth,"—a narrative written by the author of the present biography,—embellished with portraits of the famous tragedian, in character, by Hennessey. It was from Booth's acting and his artistic example, indeed, that she derived her first practical perception of the high purpose and the opportunity of noble achievement that are possible to an actor; and it is significant that the dramatic parts first studied and learned by her—secretly and without advice

or aid — were male characters, *Hamlet*, *Wolsey*, *Richelieu*, and *Richard*. She also learned Schiller's *Joan of Arc*. On the threshold of life, showing itself by these slight signs, her desire for dramatic expression was seen to be the strongest impulse of her nature. It is the old story of genius denoting itself in the exalted reveries, the wayward impulses, the vague longings, and the strange moods of youth. Such signals are Nature's whispers of the blessing that she intends, and the guardians of youth are wise who heed them. The talent revealed by this gifted girl, in the little dramatic performances that she gave at home, was of such a significant character that soon it induced her parents to permit her training to take an artistic direction. She was instructed in English literature and in elocution by Professor Noble Butler, of Louisville; she had the benefit of counsel from that great actress, Charlotte Cushman, whom she met for the first time in the autumn of 1874, at Cincinnati, and who advised her, considering personal qualifications and the existent state of our stage, to begin at the top; and in the spring of 1875 she received ten preparatory lessons in the

Intimations
of genius in
childhood.

First meet-
ing with
Charlotte
Cushman.

She determines to adopt the stage.

Besieges a Western manager.

art of acting from the veteran preceptor, Mr. George Vandenhoff. This was all; and it will be observed that she had but little direct instruction bearing on the practice of the dramatic art. Natural capacity for dramatic expression, striving to obtain its freedom and to assert itself in fulfilment, was the impulsive force of her girlish mind; and the only important guidance vouchsafed to her was the guidance of her own spirit. Such a spirit never strays nor swerves from its appointed path. She loved the art of acting, and she determined to become an actress. With this object in view she read every play that came within her reach, and committed to memory many of the leading characters in Shakespeare and in old stock pieces of the theatre. Thus equipped,—abundantly by nature but slenderly by cultivation,—she eagerly yet patiently sought the opportunity to make a first appearance on the stage. The manager of the chief theatre in Louisville was the late Mr. Barney Macauley (1837-1886), and to him her application for a chance to act was anxiously and persistently made—and long made in vain. At length, touched, no doubt, by her profound sincerity and by

that winning charm of personality which has since made her beloved by the theatrical public in both hemispheres, this kind friend consented to open the way for her brave endeavour. A Saturday night was selected,—November 25, 1875,—and, announced simply as “a young lady of Louisville,” Mary Anderson, in the character of *Juliet*, made her dramatic advent. She had just entered on her sixteenth year, but she was tall and lithe in figure, her beautiful face was radiant with joy and hope, her voice, though untrained, possessed its grand volume of melodious power, and her physical strength, even then, was extraordinary. Good judges of acting who saw that performance of *Juliet* said that, with all its violence and distortion, it was a wonderful display of natural talent. All her forces were in excess, but the excess was an overflow of riches. From that night, through many vicissitudes and in despite of many obstacles, her career has been incessantly progressive and triumphant, till now she stands upon the summit of fame.

Her first regular engagement, resultant on this auspicious endeavour, was played at the Louisville Theatre under Mr. Macauley's

She makes
her first ap-
pearance as
an actress.

Excess of
forces.

Her first
professional
engagement,
1876.

management, in the week beginning January 20, 1876. She appeared as *Evadne*, *Bianca*, *Julia*, and *Juliet*. She had never seen either of these parts acted, excepting *Juliet*, and her embodiments of them were unconventional and novel. Theatrical managers throughout the Republic, hearing of these performances, soon began to manifest a practical interest in her work. She visited in rapid succession many of the large cities of the South. In March, 1876, she made a bright mark at St. Louis and New Orleans, and a little later, under the management of the veteran director, Mr. John T. Ford,—one of the ablest, and long one of the most distinguished leaders of the theatre in America,—she made her first visit to Washington, and quite conquered the chivalry of the capital. Her girlish aspiration and fine audacity of effort had early won the friendly sympathy of John McCullough—that noble gentleman and superb heroic actor, whose great heart, now lamentably stilled in death, was ever rejoiced to recognize and foster ambitious worth!—and soon she made a visit to San Francisco, to act at the California Theatre, of which he was then the manager. There, for the first time, and at McCullough's

Friendship
of John Mc-
Cullough.

suggestion, she appeared as *Parthenia*, in "Ingomar," a character in which she has since gained many brilliant victories. This period of her life was not unmarked by vicissitudes, pain alternating with pleasure, and disappointment with success. The young actress found friends and favour; but likewise she obtained her wholesome experience of hardship and of salutary mental and spiritual discontent.

Her first appearance as *Parthenia*.

Miss Anderson made her first appearance on the New York stage on November 12, 1877, two years after her début at Louisville. In the meantime she had been in almost continual practice, and she had gained auspicious reputation. A beautiful and happy girl, she came to the capital heralded by hopeful promise. Youth, beauty, natural aptitude for dramatic art, and a certain proficiency acquired in professional experience, which though brief had been useful, were known to be her qualifications. She did not disappoint augury. On the contrary, her uncommon talents made an immediate impression. Yet at the outset of Miss Anderson's conquest of the American theatre her popularity was due in a great measure to her condition of physical

Her advent in New York as *Pauline*.

Cause of her immediate popularity.

bloom and personal worth. She appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, as *Pauline*, in "The Lady of Lyons," following, in this respect, the time-honoured example of Mrs. Mowatt. She acted there till December 21, and she impersonated in succession *Pauline*, *Juliet*, *Evadne*, *Meg Merrilies*, and *Parthenia*. She also played *Lady Macbeth*, in the sleep scene. From this point onward, through a period of nine years, her professional deeds are recorded, and her artistic progress is traced, in my contemporaneous journal of her public life.

1877.
Dec. 14.

The writer's
first impres-
sions of her
genius.

Miss Anderson is a refreshment to the theatre, and she comes upon this tired period like a strain of rich music in the middle of the night. It is long since the stage has made such an acquisition. She may not be able to act this part well, or that part completely, or the other part at all; but she is an actress by nature. In almost all human beings there is a desire for dramatic expression: it is an instinct of the general heart: in this remarkable woman the faculty is united with the desire, and both are invested with adequate organs and physical beauty. Miss Anderson is an interpreter. Whether her mind can grasp with

intuitive sympathy and knowledge the elemental experiences of humanity is a question that she herself, in time, will answer. The examination, meanwhile, of particular performances by one so young in art is mostly a barren labour. Mental discipline and artistic method may be taught, but education cannot give magnetic fire and personal charm. There are gifts that come from the schools; there are others that come from heaven. Certain human beings, fortunate and rare, arise now and then in the world, accredited with the power and the nameless grace to move and to charm. They take a place of gentle sovereignty, not by virtue of their deeds but by virtue of their existence. They are made potential to help the human race by a power which is above earthly influence and independent of human caprice. And they do help it,—by filling its senses and suffusing its heart with beauty; by the spontaneous and involuntary suggestion of its divine possibilities, and by the elevation of its soul. Miss Anderson is one of these fortunate persons; and that fact is more important to the profession which she has adopted, and to her own future in that

Influence of
individual
charm in
rare persons.

Mechanism
is less im-
portant.

profession, than the question whether she now acts a particular part well or ill. Technical accuracy in acting, although a merit, is not in a large sense important to the world; and the public analysis of it often seems a superfluous discussion of trifles. But lovely personality and ennobling spirit, on the stage as elsewhere, is a blessing to be welcomed and cherished. Miss Anderson is young, healthful, handsome, artless, remarkable for pomp of figure and music of voice, singular in her large, sumptuous, natural action, and fascinating with mysterious charm. As an actress she has much to learn. As a woman,—

“Of Nature’s gifts she may with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose.”

She plays
Bianca in
“*Fazio*.”

On December 17 Milman’s tragedy of “*Fazio*” was presented, and Miss Anderson played *Bianca*. Her performance had moments of thrilling force and moments of lovely gentleness; but these were personal to the actress rather than the character, denotements of herself rather than traits of an assumed identity. The simulation of love was frigid, and therefore the subse-

quent simulation of jealousy was deprived of its full effect. In the bleak and lonely night scene there was no desolation such as always bitterly enwraps the solitary moments of jealous love. It was not until the death scene that the actress struck a note of deep pathos. Here the condition of *Bianca* touched her heart, and she spoke and acted with forlorn tenderness.

On December 21, as a supplement to *Parthenia*, Miss Anderson presented *Lady Macbeth*, in the sleep scene. Her performance was based on that of Charlotte Cushman. Nervous and a little flurried, it nevertheless was good. Her demeanour and attitude had a certain massive grandeur, and they were entirely consonant with the awful isolation of human misery which is the spirit of the scene. Her voice, in the rich variety of cadence that broke and dispelled its characteristic monotone, denoted, if not the irremediable agony of a conscience-stricken, heart-broken, hopeless criminal, at least such perception of the awful reality of sorrow as awoke the earnest response of sympathy and grief. It would not be easy for even the most sensitive and experienced actress to throw herself at once

Her first
New York
essay as
Lady Mac-
beth.

Imitative but
powerful.

into the piteous anguish and remorse with which the sleep scene of *Lady Macbeth* is surcharged. The highest and the best-trained capacity could not, in this character, surpass what has already been accomplished. The work was uncertain and it was imitative, but it was full of imagination and power. Miss Anderson might not enact *Lady Macbeth* adequately throughout; but her acting, in this portion of it, gave yet another clear and cogent indication of latent intensity and rich resource. The dressing was simple and pictorial: a white robe, with a straggling tress of chestnut hair escaping through the folds of the head-gear.

1878.

Makes her
first visit to
Europe, and
goes to the
home of
Shakespeare.

At the Boston Theatre, on May 22, "The Lady of Lyons" was acted, for a benefit, with John McCullough as *Claude Melnotte* and Miss Anderson as *Pauline*. On May 29 she sailed from New York for Liverpool, making her first visit to Europe, and about the middle of July she passed some happy days at Stratford-on-Avon. Later in the summer she returned home, and on August 29, when the Fifth Avenue Theatre was reopened, she appeared there as *Parthenia*—a numerous and refined company greeting her with joyous welcome.

Miss Anderson's impersonation of *Parthenia* has the attributes of youth, beauty, innocence, ingenuousness, the warmth of girlish emotion, the prettiness of girlish caprice, the dignity of innate goodness, and the consistency of spontaneous identification. The part, as an ideal, has presented no serious obstacle to the smooth and easy flow of the artist's mind and feelings. Miss Anderson becomes *Parthenia* by natural sympathy. The simple truthfulness, the unconscious capacity of heroism, and the winning loveliness of this classic maiden of poetry are in the spirit of the woman of actual life. The glow of artistic instinct gives them vitality, and dramatic skill gives them expression. In the ideal that Miss Anderson embodied—in the nature, the person that she developed—there was not a flaw. The actress of fact was the *Parthenia* of fiction—a creature as bright and sweet as the dew that sparkles upon the roses of a morning in June. The substance of *Parthenia* is readily within Miss Anderson's grasp; the form sometimes eludes her. The defects of the performance are in its expression. There is a lack of repose in the attitudes, and of clear utterance and just

August 30.

Gives a characteristic performance of *Parthenia* in "Ingomar."

Actress and character matched.

Promise
more important
here than
performance.

Futility of
discussing
technicalities

emphasis in the enunciation. This statement glances at blemishes needful to be indicated and destined to be removed. Respecting the mind of this actress it may be said—in the words of *Desdemona*—"it yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow." She is still on the threshold of her career, and many bright hopes span with their bow of promise the heaven of her future life. This it is which makes her present efforts exceptionally interesting. This it is which inclines the observant thought to dwell more upon the general character and tendency of her powers than upon the details of her professional mechanism. These technicalities, indeed, are at all times cumbersome and tedious. It cannot edify a reader to learn that Smith was fine as *Jawkins*, and Miss Jones exquisite as *Lady Grace*, but that Green should have powdered his whiskers, and Tomkins should have left off his spurs. There are hints of inexperience in Miss Anderson's acting; but now it is a much more considerable fact that the young actress is certainly endowed with a genuine capacity of dramatic expression and with powers and graces that enable her to gratify

and benefit her generation in advancing the best interests of the stage.

On September 5 Miss Anderson played *Julia* for the first time in New York, and on September 19 she appeared as *Juliet*. In this character, to which she has given incessant study, her advancement now marks a signal artistic growth. The impression she then imparted was slight.

She plays
Julia and
Juliet.

Miss Anderson is so beautiful in *Juliet* that she defeats judgment. It is impossible, looking upon that sweet young face, to think clearly of the defects of her acting. Where emotion is assumed but is not felt, the exhibition of it will be intermittent. Miss Anderson's *Juliet* is no more of one piece, viewed as an ideal, than her execution is of one piece, viewed as mechanism. In the balcony scene much is said of love, but love is not felt. The pretty action with the flower, at the close, is artificial. There is an element in Miss Anderson's nature—and it is apparent in her voice—which debars her at present from this feeling. She toils toward it through the mind; she does not reach it with the heart. The same was true, in other years, of Miss Kate Bateman.

Sept. 20.

Artificial
quality of
acting as
Juliet.

The grace, the sweetness, the arch ways, and the childish tones in Miss Anderson's personation are delicious. In the potion scene she makes a superb effect. Her imagination kindles to single passages; her faculties rally to isolated and often superb bits of effect. The human touch of relenting affection, at parting with the *Nurse*, is one of these. The taking of the drug is another—with all the action that follows it. But in the scene of *Juliet's* reception of the news of *Tybalt's* death and *Romeo's* banishment, a condition that exacts tremendous passion and sustained agony, the actress is inadequate. Her execution of *Juliet* is like her ideal. Her voice passes from a sweet, low tone to a sudden clarion. Thinking of Miss Anderson's *Juliet* one thinks of the snow made vital and passionate; of childhood transfigured into maturity; of white roses trying to blush. It is a performance full of splendid faults—full, likewise, of splendid virtues and golden promise. But this gifted and lovely woman has to learn more of life before she will satisfy herself in Shakespeare's *Juliet*.

Defects and
merits alike
remarkable.

Sept. 23.

No one can see Miss Anderson act without perceiving the good and tender heart,

the bright intelligence, the moral dignity, the splendid natural capacity for dramatic expression, and the superb physical adaptability to the dramatic art which are her attributes. Such a presence for the lofty, statuesque, passionate heroines of the classic drama has not come upon the stage for many years. Such a voice—notwithstanding, for lack of suitable culture, that its registers are not yet perfectly blended—has seldom been heard. The generation that welcomed Ellen Tree would have known how to welcome Mary Anderson—and would not have paused to count and curb its heart-beats of delighted exultation in such genius and beauty. She is not, as to art, a prodigy; but she is, as to nature,—the spirit no less than the sense, the soul equally with the body,—a creature so gloriously endowed that nothing should be impossible to her in the pursuit which she has chosen. Her *Evadne* is perhaps the most eloquent of the manifestations which at present justify this judgment. All persons who are acquainted with stage matters know that this part reaches to heights of frenzied anguish and to depths of pathetic despair, and that it involves conditions of moral

Impression
of magnifi-
cent personal
qualities.

Her success
in *Evadne*.

sublimity such as provide excellent dramatic opportunities. It is pervaded, too, by pure and sacred womanhood. It lacks unity — because the author of it has enforced transitions which are impossible to human nature. But it contains rare tragic passion. Miss Anderson acted, in *Evadne's* parting with *Vicentio*, with a pathos that was perfect. Since the best days of Julia Dean such a symmetrical, passionate, lovely portrayal of *Evadne's* heroism, in the statue scene, has not been given on our stage.

Recalls Julia
Dean at her
best.

Sept. 28.

Bianca is a virtuous, tender, gentle, but passionate woman, who, becoming maddened by jealousy — for which she has good cause — betrays her husband to death; and, thereupon, realizing what she has done, lapses into frenzy and dies in piteous dejection, after a paroxysm of agony. This ideal is not difficult to grasp, but it is immensely difficult to express. When Miss Anderson first appeared as *Bianca* her performance of it was little more than experimental: it was deficient in deep feeling, unity, and symmetrical form. The personation of it that she now gives, on the contrary, reveals grasp of the subject, intelligent purpose, thoughtful design, and passion. The shafts

Bianca
again.

The imper-
sonation im-
proved.

of feeling are not, indeed, as deeply sunk as they will be hereafter; the skill in sculpture, tone, and tint is not as deft as it must one day become; but the improved faculty is obvious, and the growth is seen to be in the right direction. An effort was made — and made with just instinct and uncommon force — to deepen the colour of the foreground of domestic love. The suggestion of *Bianca's* deep and wildly passionate nature — as denoted at the moment when she divines that *Fazio* has seen her rival — was made with sumptuous warmth and with a struggling, reckless agitation that were properly and fearfully ominous. The subsequent delirium was singularly well indicated, often reached, and to some extent sustained. The test thus met is severe; for, at a certain point *Bianca* is loosed from all moorings and dashed upon the wild billows of stormy anguish. At points, though, it was impossible not to see looseness of method — as though the will were outstripped by the impulse. This is right as to feeling; but expression always deepens the sincerity and effect of feeling when it controls its means. The third act became turbulent for lack of this controlling

Shows
growth in
the control
of power.

Excess and
dispropor-
tion.

Effective
pathos.

Auspicious
indications
of her acting.

reserve and direction of resources. These resources, however, were felt to be luxuriant. The result of the treatment they received in Miss Anderson's affluent method was to make her *Bianca*, in execution, an alternation of tremendous outbursts with sudden and surprising calms; strange peals of melodious vocal thunder, with shrill cries, and with tones as soft as the echo of the prayer of childhood. Through these, not the less, the actress exhibited a deep perception of the dreadful and deadly experience of *Bianca*. The allusions to the children were made in a spirit especially illuminative of a clear and right ideal. The supplication to *Aldabella* was beautifully uttered, and so as to carry a convincing weight of significance. The breaking of the voice was irresistible. The previous lines, in parting with *Fazio*,—"There must be, in this wide city," etc.,—were uttered with all the meaning that underlies this agonized scene; and they never could have been uttered better. There is room for profounder passion and for delicate touches of suggested sentiment; but the embodiment is fraught with power, and it shows a steady advance—from which those who are in-

terested in the growth of tragic art may derive happy auguries of the future of one of the few players of whom there is reason to be proud in the present period of the American stage.

The season of 1878-79 was closed with performances at Syracuse and Boston, May 22 and 24, and Miss Anderson passed the summer of 1879 at Long Branch. In June of that year she gave performances at the Leland Opera House, Albany, in association with John McCullough; and there, on June 20, her brother, Mr. Joseph Anderson, made his first appearance on the stage, acting *Stephen* in "The Hunchback." On September 9 she began a new season, appearing first at Utica and thence travelling through Canada and into the West and South, and thus filling up the year.

Début of
Jos. Ander-
son.

To speak of Miss Mary Anderson is to name the hope of the American stage. No beginner of late years has given promise of such excellence or has done so much in actual performance; and there is no young artist before the public for whom the future seems so bright. Youth, beauty, sweetness, power, the dramatic temperament, real and rare talents, an honest ambition, a modest

August 22.

The remark-
able promise
of her career.

Adopts new
characters.

spirit, and high principles unite in this lady and "speak her full of grace." Miss Anderson has added to her repertory the part of *The Countess* in Sheridan Knowles's play of "Love; or, the Countess and the Serf,"—a piece that has been for a time disused. Several brilliant names in American stage history are associated with this strong character—the most famous being that of Mrs. Shaw (Elisa Marian Trewar), who acted it with the brilliant Tom Hamblin (1800–1853,) as *Huon*.

Another new part that she adopted and played, this year, was the *Duchess de Torrenueva* in Planché's fine comedy of "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady." This impersonation she first gave at St. Louis, and subsequently repeated at Brooklyn, and it was recorded as a sprightly and dashing effort in a new field.

1880.

Recognition of the increasing merit of Miss Anderson's dramatic performances is more and more frequently observed in the American press as this year advances. She continued to act until May 8, when she ended her season at Portland, Maine, having given two hundred and thirty-eight performances. The summer was passed at Long

Branch. She resumed the active work of her profession on September 13 at Oswego. In the interval she had been studying *Ion*, and this part she acted for the first time in her life, on October 30, 1880, at the Opera House in Detroit.

Enacts *Ion*
for the first
time.

Acting poetic parts is writing poetry in the air. An actor, with motion, face, and voice, is just as much bound by the laws of form as a poet is who works with written words. Those writers who break away from form do so not on account of their strength but on account of their weakness. It is more difficult for the poet to sustain the flowing tide of his emotion and his thought in, for example, the great Spenserian stanza, than it would be for him to write the loose hexameters of a Tupper, or the melodious memoranda of a Walt Whitman, or the intoned, chanting sentences of an Ossian. So with the actor. It is more difficult fully to assume and evenly to sustain an ideal individuality than it is to make that individuality the pretext for a loose-jointed, rambling, hap-hazard exhibition of self and of the impulses and feelings of the moment. And just as the poet must always find himself fettered and curbed until he has

March 21.

Acquiring
command of
the imple-
ments of
form.

Kindred
methods of
actor and
poet.

Necessity of
vital experi-
ence.

acquired such a mastery of form that the strong and free use of it is entirely natural and easy, so the actor [who deals with the same subjects, and, in a kindred way, bears testimony also to the power and effect of the great passions of human nature and the influences of beauty in the universe] cannot be free until experience has made the use of form a second nature. That result comes slowly. It develops from within. It flows out of the action of the feelings of the soul. It is the sequence of vital thought and passion, acting upon the artistic temperament. Of actors no less than of poets it is profoundly true that they must "learn in suffering what they teach in song"—and that which teaches them the lesson of life will, at the same time, teach them how to convey it. "At last," says Wilhelm Meister, "after great preparations, he disclosed to me that true experience is just precisely when one experiences what an experienced man must experience in experiencing his experience."

General
characteris-
tics of her
acting.

The impersonations which have been given by Miss Anderson have covered a broad area of human nature transfigured into poetic ideals. She has enacted *Evadne*,

Parthenia, Julia, Juliet, Meg Merrilies, Pauline, and The Countess. It is only technical criticism—useful but tedious, and always a second-class pursuit—which would concern itself with her specific method of treating these parts, in detail. The vital point is the consideration of her advancement. She is an undeveloped genius and is destined to a great future on the stage. Her loveliness alone will carry her far in the public estimation. It is singular and instructive to remark with what a gradual movement her mind progresses.

The most exacting part which has been mentioned is *Juliet*; and in her acting of this Miss Anderson denotes that the level she has now reached is but slightly removed above that on which she stood a year ago. Now, as then, during the first half of the tragedy she is the embodied spirit of the white lily—the soul of the eidelweiss, that grows among the eternal snows of the Alps. Her *Juliet* no more loves *Romeo* than the stars of Orion love the icebergs of the Polar Sea. It is a lovely girl playing at love—and playing in perfect safety. No observer, however sympathetic, can feel, either with tenderness or dread, the actual presence of

Deficiency
of passion
in *Juliet*.

She is superior in tragic emotion.

that tremendous and deadly passion. This is because the artist is imitating something of which her nature has not taken absolute cognisance, and which intuition will not seize. Every other passion can better be imitated, even by inexperience, than the passion of love. Through all the later scenes of the tragedy, which are dominated by tragic action, Miss Anderson moves with splendid power, like one set free to be herself. She is then a woman in a tempest of passionate anguish, uttering her heart with unrestrained freedom and force.

Tendency of her development.

Observation of other impersonations confirms the impression derived from this one. Miss Anderson is doing all that can be done to make artistic treatment supply the lack of that pervasive spontaneity which is at once the consequence and the sign of inspiration. Her works are growing in symmetry — but neither in unity nor in splendour. She still wins as a beauty, impresses as a prodigy, and startles as a genius. The word has not yet been spoken which is to give her soul its entire freedom, arm it with all its powers, and make the forms of art the slaves of her will. The triumph of Miss Anderson now

is the triumph of an exceptional personality shrined in a beautiful person, but not yet the triumph of a consummate actress. With a superb voice, here is a defective elocution ; with a magnificent figure, here is a self-conscious manner in the attitudes ; with a noble freedom and suppleness of physical machinery, here is a capricious gesticulation ; with a full and fine sense of opportunity for strong and shining points, here is but an incipient perception of the relative value of surrounding characters and the coördination of adjuncts ; with a brilliant faculty for stormy and vehement declamation, here, as yet, is an imperfect idea of the loveliness of quiet touches, verbal shading, and suggestive strokes ; with a vigorous, and often grand, manner of address, here is a frequent lack of concentration in listening ; with wonderful intuitions as to the wilder moods of human passion, here is a restricted sympathy with the more elemental feelings— from which naturally ensues a certain vagueness in the effect of their manifestation. Here, in brief, is more tragic impulse than human tenderness ; more of physical strength and force of will than of spiritual intensity ; more of the ravishing opulence

Summary of
merits and
defects.

Herastonish-
ing natural
powers.

of youthful womanhood than of the thrilling frenzy of genius or the dominant grandeur of intellectual character. Yet, what a wealth of natural power is here! what glorious promise! what splendid possibilities! Of just such a nature, surely, was spoken the beautiful prophecy of Wordsworth:

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

Reëntrance
in New York.

On December 13 Miss Anderson reappeared in New York, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, as *Evadne*, and was cordially welcomed. She afterwards played *Parthenia*, and, on December 20 for the first time in that city, *The Countess*, in "Love." She also repeated *Julia*, *Bianca*, and *Pauline*. The novel feature of the engagement was

"Ion." The artistic result of her labours in 1880 is indicated in what follows.

A revival of Milman's tragedy of "Fazio" Dec. 28.

has presented Miss Anderson in the most difficult character she has undertaken, and has enabled her, in a powerful and affecting embodiment of *Bianca*, to show forth not alone her brilliant natural faculties and fortunate graces of mind and person, but her remarkable advancement in dramatic art. The character of *Bianca* has not the intellect of *Lady Macbeth*, and nowhere does it rise to the awful altitude of the two or three moments of hopeless and terrible remorse in which that royal murderer is transfigured into an image of immortal anguish. But *Bianca's* tender, womanlike nature is crazed by a terrible conflict of passion, and the situations in which she is displayed are such as make a steady, ever-increasing drain upon her forces, alike of suffering and expression, and therefore the part, though easier to reach, is more difficult to sustain.

Her surprising success as *Bianca* in "Fazio."

Analysis of *Bianca's* nature.

Miss Anderson began with sunshine, making visible the profound earnestness, ardour, and passionate intensity of *Bianca's* temperament, and thus showing her to be capable of the madness presently to come,

Proportion
and symme-
try of her
Bianca.

Extraordi-
nary effects
of pathos.

but giving no prefiguration of the latent tragedy of her life. This may be called a use of tone and colour, and certainly it was directed with a subtle instinct. All the foreground of the picture was warm with an atmosphere of domestic love — with the content, the trust, and the hopeful, eager enjoyment of the fireside of home; and through it all ran a faint, tremulous agitation which without being prophetic was in a certain strange way ominous. The keynote of this work is struck when *Bianca* says, "Fazio, thou hast seen Aldabella"; this point Miss Anderson made with a suppressed passion, apprehensive and vengeful, which was true to nature and finely effective in art. The cold, metallic tones of settled misery in which the denunciation of *Fazio* was uttered were deeply eloquent as to what was in the soul of the actress, besides being exactly right as a vehicle for the feeling of that crisis. The allusions to the children and the adjuration to the scornful *Aldabella* were as tender as infancy and as touching as pathos could make them. No listener could doubt that the actress had, through the sympathetic exercise of the imagination, grasped a full sense of *Bianca's* trials and

condition and projected her spirit into a consonant misery. The capacity to do this is the main thing, because it is the gift of nature, the illumination that the soul derives from the spiritual forces within and around it. The government of the mechanism by which this capacity is used, being a matter of taste and will, can be cultivated and is susceptible of endless improvement. All of Miss Anderson's recent performances have indicated that this is the direction of her study, effort, and self-discipline.

If experience could be acquired by immediate application of the precepts of which it is so liberal, perfection would be gained in a moment, and life would be exhausted on the threshold of maturity. Miss Anderson's experience is to be gained, as others have gained it, through living, striving, and suffering, and not through experimenting on the ideas of other persons. It is impossible that her works should have, at present, the solidity, the splendour, the satisfying fulness of knowledge and emotion which appertain to riper years. For an actress who has only been five seasons on the stage, she has already achieved results that are almost without a parallel in the history of acting.

The nature
of experi-
ence.

Need of dis-
criminating
critical judg-
ment.

Remarkable
public tribute
to the actress.

1881.
January 1.

Excellent as
The Countess
in "Love."

To censure, for not doing more, an actress who has already done so much, would be folly as well as injustice. The public has great reason to be satisfied that this young and beautiful woman, so richly endowed, so capable, and so earnest, is here to grace the stage, and, in representations that are as sweet, pure, and high, and well-nigh as skilful as the best that have been seen, to exert upon the popular heart the old immortal charm of sculpture, eloquence, and poetry. She had in the copious applause of a great throng of spectators, in several recalls upon the stage, in the significant hush of deep emotion that often pervaded the house, and in the tears that trembled in many eyes, a whole-hearted tribute of sympathetic recognition. It was a splendid revelation of a woman's heart and a noble effort in acting, and it justifies the most eager anticipation.

Miss Anderson chose wisely when she chose, as an addition to her repertory, the character of *The Countess*, in Knowles's comedy of "Love." It suits well with her statue-like, innocent, stately beauty, and it finds a sympathetic response alike in the intellectual coldness, the inherent gentleness, the native, woman-like pride, and the

deep, passionate sincerity which have been discerned, through her acting, to be the prominent qualities of her temperament. It suits with her style of art, likewise, in the fortunate sequence of moods through which it enables her to pass — beginning in haughty, calm, self-imposed restraint, and passing through affected scorn, royal pride, and melting tenderness sternly held in check, till at last it culminates in the conquest of the affections over the will. Miss Anderson shows that she has grasped this ideal in its breadth and delicacy; and her execution of it was remarkable for spontaneous grace and adequate power. The suggestive by-play, in the first scene with *Huon*,— showing love's resentment against itself and its object, in a proud heart,— was alike beautiful in fineness of tracery and pathetic in repressed emotion. The hysterical recovery after the tumult of grief, in the scene of the storm, carried the same conflict of feelings to an impressive height. There is a still more touching effect, produced in the silent observance of *Huon* after his refusal to obey *The Duke*, wherein the actress, with a fine intuition, lets her soul shine through her eyes and makes no

Peculiar
beauties of
the perform-
ance.

Nature in
acting.

effort to act. The application of the "natural" method has sometimes led Miss Anderson almost to the needless extreme of tameness; in this instance it leads her to an effect of nature that could not be excelled in sweetness or artistic propriety. To introduce, whether by facial expression or a pause of significance, the illuminative idea of the plan which had flashed upon the mind of *The Countess*, when she bids *Huon* sign the paper, would heighten the dramatic interest of the moment and help the strong climax which follows. That climax, the mountain-peak of the comedy, is reached at the passionate cry of *The Countess*, commanding her servitors to bring back the fugitive *Huon*. Miss Anderson reached this a little too suddenly, but she gave it with a clarion call of anguish and with splendid energy. In roundness of outline, in blending of all its parts, in truth of ideal, and in smoothness of execution, this is one of her best works.

Powerful at
the climax.

January 4.

"Ion."

Record of its
several pro-
ductions.

The tragedy of "Ion" has been presented at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and Miss Anderson has enacted *Ion*, for the first time in New York. This beautiful play dates back to May 26, 1836, when it was brought out

in London, at Covent Garden, with Macready as *Ion*. Bulwer said that Macready invested the self-sacrifice of *Ion* "with exquisite sweetness and dignity and pathos." The tragedy was first acted in America at the old National Theatre, in New York, December 14, 1836, with George Jones, the late Count Joannes, as *Ion*, and Mr. Pickering as *Adrastus*. On February 2, 1837, it was presented at the old Park Theatre, with Ellen Tree as *Ion*, Fredericks as *Adrastus*, Wheatley as *Phocion*, Richings as *Ctesiphon*, and Mrs. Gurner as *Clemanthe*. In the fall of 1852, at the old Broadway, Mrs. Mowatt acted *Ion*. Mr. Wallack revived the play at his theatre, in later days, and John Dyott won distinction as *Adrastus*.

Miss Anderson reproduces it, cast as follows :

Ion.....	Mary Anderson.
Adrastus	Milnes Levick.
Medon.....	H. B. Norman.
Agenor	John McDonald.
Timocles	T. F. Brennan.
Cleon	J. Currier.
Phocion.....	Atkins Lawrence.
Ctesiphon	R. L. Downing.
Crythes.....	T. L. Coleman.
Cassander.....	Joseph Anderson.
Clemanthe	Emma Maddern.
Irus.....	Laura Clancy.
Abra.....	Mrs. Benton.

Miss Anderson's first presentation of "*Ion*" in New York.

"Ion," "caviare to the general."

Nature of popularity.

It is not difficult to understand why the tragedy of "Ion" has seldom been acted, or why its hold upon the stage remains slight and uncertain. It is deficient in feminine interest; its vitality is of the spirit rather than the blood; its lofty moral feeling is somewhat far removed from general human sympathy; its poetry, though eloquent, is of the kind that is impelled by a scholastic mental purpose rather than the warm, spontaneous currents of the heart; it is suffused with a cold, white light rather than with colour; its persons are more the representatives of abstract ideas and artistic purposes than living human beings; and its central character, *Ion*, is so absolutely sexless, that it makes no difference whether it be personated by a man or a woman. Altogether it is an ideal creation; and, as such, it exacts an ideal sympathy, of which mankind is but slenderly capable. If ever the time should come when Shelley is as popular as Robert Burns, or Shakespeare's "Tempest" pleases the multitude as deeply as "The Lady of Lyons," then Talfourd's tragedy of "Ion" will be as famous and as much admired on the stage as it is now in the closet.

The revival of "Ion" from time to time is not the less a desirable, admirable, and useful achievement. It is a piece that is fruitful of excellent lessons. It shows with conspicuous clearness that simple, severe beauty of form in works of art which the ancient Greeks were the first to attain and to teach. It uses the noble English tongue with a copious affluence of wealth and melody such as is rarely found outside of Shakespeare, and such as lulls the sense of harmony into a dream of delight. It depicts—in its incidents, its accessories, and its suggested traits of ancient civilization—an old, far-distant historic period, thickly peopled with majestic shapes and great ideas, and dimly invested with that air of shadowy mystery which is so captivating to the imagination and so elevating to the spiritual nature of man. It is instinct with moral purity, and therein it streams upon the soul like sunrise on the ocean—a glory, a comfort, and a charm. Its stage pictures please by the propriety of their natural sequence, by the spirited character of their groupings, and by the sharp, clear, and steadily increasing effect which they give to the dramatic purpose of the piece.

Beauties of
the tragedy
of "Ion."

Mystery of
atmosphere.
Moral purity.

Fine stage
pictures and
intellectual
force.

Lesson of
self-sacrifice.

Its sustained intellectuality—shown in the unflagging directness, precision, and continuity with which its chief character is made to develop itself in action, under the well-contrived stress of propulsive circumstances—wins and holds the respect and admiration of the thoughtful mind. Its object—the noblest by which art can be actuated—is likewise found to be deeply impressive; that object being to present in a grand setting and with splendid emphasis the beauty of self-sacrifice—the simple yet glorious idea, which at once destroys all meanness, envy, malice, fear, and puny self-seeking, that the best use a man can make of his life is to give it for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

Simplicity
and strength
of the char-
acter of *Ion*.

The simplicity of all this is another obstacle which has ever stood considerably in the way of the effective, practical illustration and enforcement of “*Ion*”—simplicity being the one supreme quality most difficult either to realize or to convey. Each motive of *Ion*’s conduct is elemental; each of his acts is direct; his personality is like white marble. Virtue is his nature, readiness in duty his condition, and in the several successive situations in which he is displayed

he presents always the same grandeur of heroic magnanimity. He will be the messenger of the priests to the dangerous *Adrastus*, and he has no fear of the menaced doom of death. He fronts the formidable *King* with a fearless brow, and charms and subdues him. He joins with more than the serenity of *Brutus* in the oath which devotes the sinful monarch to sacrificial destruction. He is himself ready to strike the awful blow that the high gods of his religion have commanded. And when at last it is apparent that his own death can alone preserve his country from pestilence and ruin, he walks to the grave as to a festival, and with his own hand pours out his heart's blood upon the altar of the offended deities of Greece. He is the Antinous of dramatic literature — the "one entire and perfect chrysolite" of beautiful young manhood, human goodness, and serene self-sacrifice. It taxes all the resources of exalted spirituality and of refined mechanism to bring forth this brave and lovely image of ideal excellence.

The Antinous of literature.

Miss Anderson's performance of *Ion* was observed with intense eagerness by a brilliant assemblage. The young actress was fortunate in it beyond promise or anticipa-

The actress exceeds expectation as the Greek boy.

tion. The soulful innocence of her nature, breathing through every look, seemed the literal radiation of the spirit of *Ion*. Her figure, in the garments of the Greek boy, was like a statue by Phidias. Her movements had a large imperial grace, and her equably-poised temperament—slow to ignite and never yet profoundly disturbed—aided this effect of animated marble. Her elocution partook of the symmetry which, like an atmosphere, seemed to enfold the whole effort; it was fluent, melodious, noble—neither dropped into colloquial tameness nor jarred by spasmodic breaks. More than ever, as this performance proceeded, it could be felt that this actress should sternly restrict herself within the fields of the imaginative drama, as far as possible removed from “realism” and from the “emotional” school of acting. Her style is the grand style, and more and more, as the years drift away, she ought to make the traditions of Mrs. Siddons and Charlotte Cushman live again. Her embodiment of *Ion* is a satisfying augury that she can do it. The impersonation had a splendid glow of imagination; it was ethereal and exalted; it was beautiful in its refinement; and, in its denote-

Her fitness
for the classic
drama.

ments of capacity and unexplored resource, it was very eloquent. Miss Anderson has done nothing upon the stage that is sweeter, purer, or higher than this.

The engagement ended, on January 8, with *Meg Merrilies*, and Miss Anderson ended her season, on May 7, at Trenton. Shortly before closing this period of labour she acted in Cincinnati, as *Pauline*, for the benefit of the Benevolent Order of Elks, and that society presented to her an address in which was well expressed the public sentiment of the time :

Tribute of
the Elks of
Cincinnati.

"To-day the Elks of Cincinnati have the honour of paying tribute to a representative American actress. It seems but yesterday since Miss Mary Anderson first stepped upon the stage, a type of the beauty and excellence of the girlhood of her noble State. To-day she is the unchallenged exponent of the younger heroines of classic tragedy. That she can pause to respond, through the Elks, to the cry of her brother and sister professionals in distress, and lend them for a day the splendid aid of her genius and her acquirements will not lessen the lustre of her laurels."

On September 26 Miss Anderson began at Troy the season of 1881-82, and there, on September 28, she impersonated for the first time in her life the character of *Galatea*,

Plays *Galatea*
for the
first time.

Also
 "Roland's
 Daughter."

in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's comedy of "Pygmalion and Galatea," with which her name and memory are now closely entwined. On October 1 she produced at Syracuse, for the first time on our stage, the play of "Roland's Daughter," a piece translated and adapted from the French by the late Miss Annie Ford (Mrs. Thornton), the brilliant, lamented daughter of the eminent theatrical manager, Mr. John T. Ford, of Baltimore; and in this she enacted *Berthé*.

1882.

Restores the
 original text
 of "Romeo
 and Juliet."

February 3.

Juliet again.

This year Miss Anderson acted at Booth's Theatre in New York from January 2 to January 28, beginning as *Juliet* and ending as *Parthenia*. In producing "Romeo and Juliet" she now restored the original text, and it was seen that she had revised much of the stage-business of *Juliet*.

Miss Anderson's performance of *Juliet*—however, as an ideal, it may fall short of what is accepted by the best thought of critical literature as Shakespeare's conception, and whatever may be its defects of execution—is an achievement of estimable import. The quality that gives value to an effort in the art of acting is its power

to irradiate a charming or an ennobling influence. As to the element of accuracy, although this has its relative bearing on the central question, no spectator, aside from the technical critical student, gives himself much concern. Miss Anderson's performance of *Juliet* might be absolutely correct, and still, for the public, be of no consequence whatever. The part stands there in Shakespeare's tragedy, and any person who is capable of comprehending that work can understand what the part means. The thing which is rightfully expected of an actress who undertakes it, the thing which alone makes her work of significance and precious import to others, is that illumination, that light and fire of her own nature, which she is able to pour into the poetic mould, so as to suffuse a correct form of art with the glowing warmth of an immortal spirit. The right form is indispensable as a basis. *Juliet* must not be acted as if she were *Mrs. Haller* or *The Duchess of Malfi*. But, for the transcendent worth of a portrayal of *Juliet*, for the quality that makes it an abiding treasure among the intellectual and spiritual possessions of the world, the observer must look at what

Spirit and
passion pref-
erable to
accuracy.

The artist
must illumine
the character.

Her *Juliet*
deeper and
finer in feel-
ing.

Increasing
effect of her
Juliet.

the actress puts into it. Miss Anderson's embodiment of *Juliet* was not only right in stage convention, but it easily went beyond that point and became thrilling and noble with the loveliness of its spirit and the glamour of its woful passion. Thus illumined, it had the touch of that final and crowning radiance which makes the dramatic art a beneficent power in human society. The effect, upon Miss Anderson's auditors, of her simple tenderness in the scenes between *Juliet* and *Romeo*, of her desolation in the moment after the final parting with *The Nurse*, of her passionate terror in the hysterical frenzy of the potion scene, and of her noble, tragic recklessness in the suicide, was that of profound sympathy and emotion. There were spontaneous and emphatic plaudits, to bear witness of this result; there was the deeper applause of tears; there was the still deeper recognition of that suddenly awakened and always sublime melancholy which accompanies the broad contemplation of tragedy and misery in human life.

There are considerations that slightly qualify and define this estimate of the performance. Miss Anderson's *Juliet*, notwith-

standing the charm that it superadds to stage proficiency, still leaves a sense of unfulfilment. To look closely at her method of treatment—her postures, gestures, facial play, pauses, movements, and stage business—was to see that the structure of the action had not, as to every detail, been rigidly and exactly prepared in advance. It is unwise to trust to inspiration or to what is called the impulse of the moment. Occasionally such an impulse may be of inestimable value; but, as a rule, the only safe way, and the great way, in acting is to dominate every fibre of the work with a clear and positive intellectual purpose. There is not one person in a thousand who, in a question of acting, can afford to leave any detail, however seemingly insignificant (for nothing is trivial in a picture that others must see), to the accident of chance or caprice. Excess was the blemish that occasionally marred this *Juliet*. Not in ideal. There are no mysteries about the character of *Juliet*. Miss Anderson understands it perfectly and makes its significance perfectly apparent. But as to execution the actress sometimes lost her grasp by allowing feeling to run away with art. Some judges

Inspiration
not to be al-
ways trusted.

Forethought
and prepara-
tion are es-
sential.

Facility of
execution
must become
a second
nature.

think this a merit, and so it might be if the feelings, when they run away, would always take the right road. There comes a time, in the ripe maturity of an actor's experience, when they generally do, and that time, no doubt, will come for Miss Anderson. Her instincts in dramatic art — as she has shown in many characters — are magnificent. The errors of her mechanism ensue from the neglect to reduce those instincts to positive principles and precise designs.

Insufficiency
of the pas-
sion of her
Juliet.

Another element of incompleteness in this *Juliet* was a lack of volume in the passion. The quality was the right quality, and it made the work pathetic and beautiful. But there was not enough of it. To touch this note is to touch the most delicate attribute by which dramatic art is affected. The artistic mind may make, and ought to make, a perfect plan of expression, but the grandest and finest design cannot, in its fulfilment, expend a wealth of the heart, which the heart has not yet acquired. Art is inadequate here — because here the draft is upon the depths of the soul wherein are garnered up all the lessons of sorrow and misery that are taught in the experience of a great nature. The feeling that flows out of those

Involuntary
action of
deep feeling.

depths will take its own time and its own way, will give its own tremendous force and burning ardour to simulated love, and add the midnight of its own anguish to the darkness of simulated grief. To assert that there are no such depths in Shakespeare's *Juliet*, and therefore to infer that they are not essential beneath a stage portrayal of the characters, is to ignore the poetic aspect of the part and of the tragedy, as a representative conception of human love tragically blighted and human misery triumphant in death. A school-girl may be the volatile miss in her teens who is the *Juliet* of commonplace prose. Miss Anderson takes no such view of the subject, but is splendidly and consistently poetic in every element of her work. Only it is to be said that in some situations of poetical tragedy there are heights to which the wings of the imagination cannot soar, but to which an actor may better rise on the great waves of feeling—the ground-swell of the human heart. In the lighter passages of the tragedy—in the balcony scene and the wheedling of *The Nurse*—Miss Anderson was the personification of blooming grace and winning, girl-like fascination. In the stormy passages,

Representative aspect of "Romeo and Juliet."

The heart stronger than the imagination.

A better
queen than
lover.

which exact a tempest of power, she was a superb woman. In the realm of *Juliet's* tenderness and *Juliet's* suffering, while she did all that the imagination of a happy, buoyant, youthful nature could be expected to do, she yet left something to be accomplished in a riper time. It was felt, also, that the imperial stature and grand gesticulation of the actress make her more consonant with queens than with lovers, more fit for sovereignty than for suffering. It cannot be easy for the royal and conquering mind of a young *Zenobia* to merge itself in the passionate heart of *Juliet*.

Galatea and
Berthé.

Miss Anderson presented *Galatea* for the first time in New York on January 7, at Booth's Theatre, and she was entirely successful in it; nor has her impersonation of it undergone much change since that time. On January 14 she first acted in New York the part of *Berthé*, in "The Daughter of Roland," giving a performance nobly heroic in ideal and effective in many points of execution. Of her *Galatea* the present writer then said: The aspect is beautiful. The spirit is both guileless and passionate. The humorous parts are spoken and acted with absolute simplicity. There is not one trace

of coquetry. The soul of the child is incarnated in the consummate purity of the woman; and the significance of the ideal and of the text is conveyed with the expertness and adequacy of accomplished art. In *Berthé* Miss Anderson illustrates the power of an earnest, ardent, impassioned mind to electrify a somewhat cold and barren subject. The character is both heroic and romantic, but it figures in a succession of declamatory scenes which by themselves would arouse only a languid interest. The personality of the actress diffuses itself through them in a rich glow of splendour, making the experience actual despite its surrounding atmosphere of remoteness and unreality. In *Berthé's* confession of her love for *Gerald*—which is a passage of rare delicacy—the actress employs the lower tones of her voice, together with a sweetly subdued manner, so as to produce a remarkable effect of tenderness. Her action and vocal treatment when describing the combat are powerful and victorious; this exacting passage being wrought up, with tumultuous feeling that never once breaks out of the restraints of art, to a spirited and satisfying climax. In *Berthé* Miss Anderson finds occasion for

Character-
istics of
"Roland's
Daughter."

Variety of
moods and
spirited
action.

the display of many contrasted moods, for much lofty and sonorous declamation, and for eloquent by-play—as when, standing upon the throne, she hears the Saracen's taunts, and sees him draw her dead father's sword. The crowning excellence of her impersonation is the consistent sustainment of an exalted ideal. In the light of such an embodiment the romantic heroism and religious zeal of ancient chivalry become living facts. Only a nature of profound sincerity and innate nobleness could carry such a part to such a height of success.

January 18.

Again successful as
The Countess.

A repetition of "Love" has again presented Miss Anderson as *The Countess*. It is an embodiment in which passion is controlled by intellectual pride, and in which, little by little,—now flashing out through irresistible impulse, now curbed and turned to bitter arrogance by the reaction of self-contempt,—the honest love in a woman's heart is seen to increase and develop till it overwhelms her nature. The observance of such a personation is, therefore, an involuntary analysis of feminine thoughts, feelings, caprices, and thousand inexplicable ways; and thus to see *The Countess* well

Complexity
of woman's
nature.

acted is to be made wiser in that knowledge of human nature which the moralist tells us is the proper study of mankind. To see the part as it is acted by Miss Anderson is to look upon a noble embodiment of proud beauty, and to admire an expert assumption of successive moods — simulated scorn succeeding to haughty self-restraint, and tenderness gradually subduing pride. She has repose; she illustrates the value and force of repressed emotion, and she acts unusually well with the face — allowing the feelings of the heart and the changing impulses of the mind to show themselves in play of feature no less than in voice and action. Nothing could be finer in the way of essentially dramatic expression than her mute observance of the secretly beloved *Huon*, after he has made his dangerous choice and refused obedience to his ruler. The command of *The Countess* to bring back the fugitive lover is always a climax in this comedy, and Miss Anderson gives it with inspiring excitement and in a voice of clarion might. It is before the love is finally triumphant over the pride of *The Countess* that the powers and resources of the actress are at their best. When the culmination

Fine facial
play.

An inspiring
climax.

Ultimate
dejection.

Actress and
character
well matched.

April 22.

Highly ex-
tollled for
Galatea.

has been reached her nature seems to tire of so much sustained fervency, and the last scenes are somewhat listless. But this is a blemish of execution, subject to caprice of mood. The ideal is fine, the execution is smooth, the character is made to stand out in bold relief, and the various elements are adroitly fused together. It has seldom happened that a part and its representative are so well matched as in this instance. The statuesque person of the actress, her almost Gothic coldness of aspect and of intellect, her variable youth, her capacity of thrilling animation when aroused, and her ringing melodious voice, "rich as woodland thunder," combine to make her especially consonant to this stately and fiery heroine; the strongest of the women that Sheridan Knowles has enshrined in his antiquated, artificial, queer versification.

Miss Anderson closed the season at Williamsburgh, having acted in thirty-seven cities since September 26, 1881. In all of them she has been greeted with public enthusiasm. Her growth in knowledge and control of her own powers is steady and sufficiently rapid. Her personation of *Galatea* has everywhere been accounted

one of the best works of her life, and undoubtedly it is one of the best performances that now grace the stage. In *Parthenia* and *Evadne* she has no contemporary equal, and in portions of *The Countess* and *Bianca* she has maintained a brilliant supremacy. To have accomplished so much in spite of the lack of stage-training in childhood, and notwithstanding obstacles incident to immaturity, is to hold and merit an honoured place in the front rank of the dramatic profession. The success of such an actress is a credit to the public taste, nor in the sternest critical mood can it be doubted that her future achievements will reward her public for its forbearance toward the faults of youth and its practical encouragement of true and fine abilities.

Significance
and promise
of her suc-
cess.

The season of 1882-83 was opened by Miss Anderson in Brooklyn, September 25, with *Juliet*, and she also enacted *Evadne*, *Julia*, *Galatea*, *Pauline*, and *Berthé*.

Miss Anderson's treatment of the opening scenes of *Juliet* — with a view to prefigure the woful destiny of that heroine — is in a high degree poetical, and it produces a beautiful and touching effect. Her elocution is made surprisingly fine, and her manner

October 1.

A delicate art
method.

Julia, in
"The Hunch-
back."

Nov. 20.

Louisville's
tribute to its
favourite.

is heightened in repose by a careful repression of force, and by a free use of quiet gestures and low tones; while—notably in the character of *Julia*—she has conveyed a sense of harmonious proportion, in the gradual building up of the part and the development of almost tragic intensity under pressure of afflicting circumstances.

The suspense of suffering and trial in the letter scene with *Clifford* is evenly sustained, and with earnest feeling and sweet, woman-like grace. With a mechanism entirely concealed, of all the transitions in the part, with more emphasis in the lovely, almost rustic, simplicity of the opening scene, and with a more careful treatment of the last five minutes of the piece, this performance will be as perfect as anything of the kind can be—and it will win for the young actress many a wreath of laurel yet.

At Louisville, Kentucky, on November 11, Miss Anderson ended an engagement which had been prosperous and brilliant to a remarkable degree. Louisville, although not her birthplace, is the city in which her girlhood was passed, and its inhabitants feel a natural pride in her career. Crowds of enthusiastic spectators greeted her each

night, and at the close of the last performance a wreath of silver laurel was publicly presented to her, upon the stage, by the Mayor of Louisville, in behalf of its citizens. Miss Anderson expressed her gratitude in earnest and graceful words and with touching sincerity. Mr. Henry Watterson, in *The Courier-Journal*, fitly rounded the city's tribute with an eloquent article, in which the career of Miss Anderson is thus commemorated :

That Mary Anderson went hence a poor girl in quest of fame and fortune, and that she has come back the most celebrated and important woman upon the stage of her country,—bringing with her youth, beauty, and riches,—tells a story more fairy-like than any in which she appears as the mimic heroine. Whatever be the difference among critics touching the incidents of her acting, it cannot be denied that she is a great presence and figure of our time. We should not omit from this résumé of the powerful traits of intellect and character which have made the actress grèat the virtues of unaffectedness, enthusiasm, and simple, unostentatious Christianity which make the woman glorious. Whoever widens the area of woman's work and points her a way to her own maintenance and the emancipation of her children makes a mark upon life's fly-leaf which angels like to look at; and, whether the page so marked bear a song or a sermon, a play or a tract, the result, being good, is recorded all the same in

Commemorative remarks by Henry Watterson.

Noble both
as woman
and actress.

heaven. Mary Anderson has made this mark, broad and deep. Her genius has made her rich and great; but she is none the less a noble type of the working woman. She has lifted up the brand which was held so firmly in the hands of a long line of good women, from Siddons to Cushman, and kept it burning like an oriflamme; and, standing alone, a splendid representative of the heroic and classic drama, she stands also conspicuous as a representative of the womanhood of her country and her time.

A Christmas
gift.

A military organization at Philadelphia, for which Miss Anderson had done some service, publicly presented to her, at the Chestnut Street Opera House, a magnificent crown, set with precious jewels.

1883.

Accurate
dressing of
"The Lady
of Lyons."

On January 1, this year, Miss Anderson appeared at Washington. On January 15 she was at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, and she remained there until February 10. A revival of "The Lady of Lyons" was now accomplished, its characters being scrupulously arrayed in dresses of the time of the First Empire.

January 16.

Pauline a
lovely em-
bodiment.

Miss Anderson is more than usually beautiful in the Empress Josephine garb. In all its physical attributes this embodiment of *Pauline* was an image of peerless loveliness. No woman has appeared upon the

stage in our time so entirely fitted as Miss Anderson is—by stature, demeanour, intellectual poise, and a tone of coldly spiritual refinement—to represent Pride. She thrilled her audience by the sincerity and firm and well-veiled art with which she advanced to the other exigence of the character, and likewise depicted the passion of Love. It is the struggle between these two emotions that Bulwer has illustrated in this play; and, although the observer may sometimes smile at the improbabilities, the fantastic expedients, the wild scheme, and the lingual fusion of the comedy, this struggle is one that always will command sympathetic attention when shown by an actress who is beautiful, artistic, and in earnest. Miss Anderson's expression of the tranquil ecstasy of content, in *Melnotte's* wooing scene, might be cited as a significant subtlety of her impersonation. Her assumption of sarcasm, her storm of passion, and her ultimate splendid self-abandonment, in the cottage scenes, revealed a variety of power and a depth of passionate tenderness that well might startle those observers who have mistakenly accounted her hopelessly frigid in temperament and mechanical in style. At the

This comedy
potent de-
spite its
defects.

The charge
of coldness
refuted.

The actress
essentially
tragic.

beginning, with exquisite skill and propriety, she gave to *Pauline* a tone of languid artifice; but that was cast aside the moment the character became dominated by genuine feeling, and thereafter the treatment of the ordeal with *Melnotte* was marked with deep tenderness struggling through righteous, natural, woman-like resentment. The preëminence and especial individuality of the actress were seen to be tragical,—the outbursts, when they came, being somewhat out of unison with the level mood of the part, and, in fact, the wild utterances of a personal nature much larger, broader, and deeper than that which it assumed. So much pathos, however, such lovely use of gentleness, and such forlorn misery, in the crushed condition of *Pauline*, have seldom or never been infused into the part.

January 26.

The pettiness
of superficial
criticism.

With the impoverished mental state of that spectator who looks at a dramatic performance merely to ascertain whether the performer is strictly accurate and consistent in method it is impossible to sympathize. Life is short, and for most persons who possess feeling and the power of thought its joys are few and infrequent. To prowl around with a microscope and a tape-

measure is to sadden it beyond endurance. Nothing but spiritual starvation can come of that parsimonious waste. There are times, of course, when the mind must work with all its Masonic implements. That is another matter—the laying of the foundations of judgment, broad and true in exact knowledge and immutable principles. But in the presence of artistic works which are gracious and lovely in spirit—and therefore filled with help and cheer for the mind that is striving to poise itself in serenity and hope amidst the frets and mutations of life—there is no need of the idle and puny pursuit of peeping about for superficial flaws. The performances that Miss Anderson has given are not such as promote controversy over mistaken ideals. She is not an experimenter upon *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. The parts that she plays are completely within her comprehension, and she states their meaning with indubitable accuracy and unmistakable force. Still more—and this is the really vital fact in the matter—she invests them with an irresistible charm. The hundreds of able writers scattered throughout America who for several years have been telling her that when she acts better she

The spirit is
the life.

Clearness,
power, and
charm.

Proficiency
in mechanism
gained
by continual
practice.

Art glorified
by nature.

will be a better actress are quite safe in that stronghold of opinion. The use of voice, the management of drapery, the regulation of gesture, the introduction of pauses such as seem to happen of their own accord, the ductile employment of attitude, the union of facial expression whether with silence or speech, the deft, seemingly unconscious but perfectly precise subordination of theatrical adjuncts to the spirit of a character and the purpose of a scene—these and other essential elements of acting unite to form a complex system of mechanism in which, for all actors, continual practice is the only road to perfect proficiency. Observers who choose to amuse themselves in that way can readily specify and dilate upon the rough places in Miss Anderson's execution. In the meantime her works, while not deficient in art, remain surcharged with the opulent vigour of happy, unclouded, unsullied youth, the exalted and lovely stateliness of a noble mind, the radiance of almost peerless physical beauty, and the glamour of a romantic spirit tremulous in its sensibility to the poetic influences of nature and art. And these are the conquerors. How often, in musing over the victorious persons of human life,

the thinker comes back to Emerson's comprehensive statement of the whole truth of the subject:

Character
is Fate.

Another is born
To make the sun forgotten . . .
I hold it of little matter
Whether your jewel be of pure water,
A rose diamond or a white,
But whether it dazzle me with light.

In the personation of *Julia* Miss Anderson was more than commonly impressive in her denotement of the majesty of grief. With the lighter elements of the part, with its innocence, sweetness, grace, glee, and pride, and with its transit from rural simplicity to superficial artifice and feather-brained folly, she is easily conversant; and as to these her various condition and devious and piquant action were admirable. There comes a time, however, in the experience of *Julia*, when almost the greatest sorrow that a woman can feel has suddenly aroused her to a sense of the tragic reality of life, and thrown her for support upon the resources of her own spiritual strength. At certain moments in the fourth and fifth acts of "The Hunchback" its heroine can rise to a noble height of moral dignity. All

Impressive
in *Julia*.

Tragic crisis
in a woman's
life.

Repose in
passion.

The soul
always alone
in great
moments.

littleness falls away from her. The tumult of passion is hushed by the consciousness of fault and of duty. The mood is one of settled misery—but the soul will be true to itself and adequate to every test that fate may enjoin. It was in her exquisite repose, at the extreme tension of the feeling thus indicated, that the actress attained to the crowning excellence of her work. There is a moment of this kind too in her performance of *Galatea*,—when the ill-fated girl is hearing her doom of repudiation and exile from the lips of the blind *Pygmalion*: and here again Miss Anderson acted in a vein of exquisite pathos. It is no common intellect that understands, and it is no common achievement in the dramatic art that makes others understand, the absolute isolation and loneliness of the human soul in every one of the great experiences of mortal life. Miss Anderson's mental and artistic growth is remarkable. She will eventually be hailed—perhaps by some who read these words—at the summit of her profession as an actress of the great heroines of classic tragedy. Toward that point she is moving with the inexorable certainty of a destined consummation.

It is interesting to perceive — as the thoughtful observer may do in looking at Miss Anderson's personation of *Parthenia* — the power of inherent mental nobility and spiritual grace to invest a purely literary ideal with the attributes of human life and make it a living, breathing, loving woman. The Greek girl who goes forth into the camp of barbarians to redeem her father from slavery is a compound of many excellent qualities,—of candour, courage, honour, heroism, sweetness, and truth,—but, to crown them all, she possesses childlike innocence. Without this, the cleverest technical embodiment of this character would remain ineffective, because obviously artificial and remote from sympathy. Many women no doubt possess, in various degrees, most of the attributes that are shown in Miss Anderson's embodiment; but not one woman in ten thousand is of that essentially childlike temperament which enables this actress to crown her work with the simple beauty of the wild violet. "Nature is above art in that."

January 31.

Personal
charm vital-
izes an ab-
stract ideal.

Innocence
displayed as
Parthenia.

Miss Anderson has again impersonated *Juliet* and *Bianca*. In each part she has given a surprising exhibition alike of in-

February 4.

Juliet and
Bianca again
considered.

Woman and
actress
equally im-
plicated in
Juliet.

Increased
harmony
of the per-
formance.

herent power and artistic growth. When formerly she acted *Juliet* here, the performance, although right in ideal, lovely in spirit, and full of tragic power, seemed deficient in volume of passion. The darker aspects of *Juliet's* experience appeared to have been reached by means of the imagination rather than the heart, and therefore to lack consummate reality; and there were inequalities in the structural form of the work. Throughout Miss Anderson's impersonation of *Juliet* now it is evident that the soul of the woman within the actress is aroused and swayed by the spirit of the character, and not simply affected, in an intermittent manner, by the exigencies of special scenes. Deeper study, long brooding upon the motive of the part, and the involuntary insight as to expression which is gained in frequent acting of it have augmented Miss Anderson's ideal, in warmth, colour, and harmony. The same passion which becomes frenzied terror in the potion scene and wild and awful yet sublime abandonment in that of the suicide, is now distinctly visible through the ardour and ecstasy of the moonlit confession of love, in the beautiful scene of the balcony. In the qualities thus indicated

the personation will continue to mature; but already it has become a massive and rounded image of love and grief. The same woman's heart beats in every one of the phases of the experience that is portrayed, and the spectator beholds it as life and forgets that it is fiction. Dramatic art could not better succeed than it does as used by Miss Anderson in maintaining the essential girlishness of *Juliet* during the balcony scene and throughout the enticing, capricious, eager interview with the tantalizing *Nurse*, as well as in marking the awakening of the woman's heart under the stress of overwhelming passion. She has unified the work. There is no dissonance anywhere visible in it. The intense, resolute, imaginative speech to *Friar Lawrence*—"Bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*"—falls in the perfect tone of nature from the same lips that have been breathing out the soft, caressing murmurs and golden rapture of contented love. The passion, in the final parting with *Romeo*, is that of complete self-abandonment; and in the potion scene there is, in addition to remarkable power, a use of voice that is indescribably pathetic. Her *Bianca*—a part to which at

Truth and
not fiction.

Unity and
beauty of
her *Juliet*.

Power and
pathos of her
Bianca.

first she was unequal—has now become a work of much tenderness and dramatic power, possessing all of Charlotteushman's intensity, combined with a poetic grace and refined pathos distinctively its own; a work in which an affluent and prodigious force is evenly tempered with discretion, and throughout which burns the authentic, enkindling fire of genius.

She agrees
to act in
England.

Negotiations for some time in progress, looking towards a professional visit to Great Britain, were completed on February 10, and Miss Anderson signed an agreement with Mr. Henry E. Abbey to appear in London under his management. Before leaving America, however, she acted in many cities of the Republic, played a farewell engagement in New York, at the Grand Opera House, April 9 to April 21, and took a prominent part in the proceedings of a "Dramatic Festival," which was held at Cincinnati from April 30 to May 5, enacting in succession *Julia*, *Desdemona*,—for the first and only time in her life,—and *Juliet*. Her chief associates in that series of performances were Miss Clara Morris, Mr. Lawrence Barrett, Mr. James E. Murdoch, and the late John McCullough. She

Farewell per-
formances in
the United
States.

The Cincin-
nati Festival.

was the most conspicuous and brilliant figure upon the stage. It was the fortune of her present biographer to witness those performances, and to record the impression they produced.

The comedy of "The Hunchback" exemplifies a rare power—the faculty sometimes possessed by a man to understand and sympathise with a woman's heart. How seldom this power is manifested in dramatic literature the observer sees, when considering how few the dramatic heroines are, in comparison with the dramatic heroes. Shakespeare's men are greater than his women, and most of the women of most other dramatic writers are merely conventional. But *Julia* is full of woman's nature, and *Master Walter's* noble tenderness and fine attitude towards her are thoroughly right, lovely, and pathetic. It could be wished that her amiable *Clifford* were, for a lover, less sagacious as to bargains and less readily solicitous about his door-plate in moments of grief and disaster. Still there is a vital experience of passion and misery in the somewhat stilted lines of "The Hunchback," and this will always make it a potent play in the hands of fine actors.

Cincinnati,
May 1.

"The
Hunchback."

Character-
istics of that
old comedy.

She is cordially welcomed at Cincinnati.

Attributes of her acting as *Julia*.

The piece has not here been treated as a spectacle, but the stress is thrown upon the acting. Mary Anderson as *Julia*, John McCullough as *Master Walter*, and Lawrence Barrett as *Clifford* are the chief names in the cast. Miss Anderson was welcomed by the great audience with a far resounding tumult of gladness. You know her gracious and lovely figure; her thoughtful, gentle presence; her eager, sensitive countenance; her regal, yet delicate dignity upon the stage. The stately and sweet image of woman and queen, she stood here in a garden of roses, the loveliest flower of them all, and there was not one heart in the vast assemblage that did not beat with pride and joy in the success of the brave and true American girl. Her performance of *Julia* was again admirable for its propriety of ideal, its gradual growth in dramatic development, its freedom from conventional points, its deep tenderness and its final magnificent burst of eloquent passion. Her voice bore wonderfully well the great strain to which it was subjected. She has never acted the part with greater abandonment of self or richer variety of treatment, and never under such trying circumstances. Just

after her first entrance a part of a drop came crashing to the stage in front of her, and after *Julia* had fainted in act second another drop, the wrong one, came down behind instead of before her, so that she had to rise and falter from the stage. Her adroit presence of mind in these emergencies matched the need of the occasion. After the third curtain a large banner of flowers depending from a green standard was borne to her across the footlights inscribed "America's Pride," and the appearance of this tribute was the signal for a wild uproar of delight. This night belonged exclusively to the actress, and it always will be memorable in her career.

Escapes a dangerous accident.

Popular applause.

Miss Anderson has acted *Desdemona* for the first time in her life. Her ideal of the fair Venetian was seen to be true, because accordant with what is said of *Desdemona* by *Brabantio* and *Cassio*. Portions of the execution were exquisite in finish. The forlorn bewilderment of the injured wife, at the Moor's mysterious jealousy and rage, was pathetic and lovely. The sudden cry of agony that *Desdemona* was made to utter when accused by *Othello* thrilled every heart. The performance was a little defi-

Cincinnati,
May 3.

Plays *Desdemona* for the first time.

cient in smoothness, but it was affluent with sacred, womanlike feeling. The vow was spoken with beautiful sincerity.

Sails for
England.

On Tuesday, May 29, 1883, Miss Anderson sailed from New York, aboard the "Arizona," for Liverpool, not again to see her native land for upwards of two years, and destined in the meantime to establish her professional renown as firmly in England as she had already established it in America. Of her career upon the British stage it was the privilege of her present biographer to see but a portion. The contemporary records of it, however, are ample and minute. Miss Anderson's first appearance in London was made on September 1, 1883, at the Lyceum Theatre, in the character of *Parthenia* in "Ingomar." Her choice of this play was censured, but her acting was generally admired and the charm of her personality was admitted and warmly extolled. Public interest for a stranger cannot be readily excited in London, but it soon began to make itself cordially manifest towards Miss Anderson; and when once she had gained popularity she never lost it. The character of *Parthenia*, exacting an artless temperament, a noble spirit, and

Her first ap-
pearance in
London.

Plays *Par-*
thenia.

girlish charm, proved well chosen for this first appearance, since its chief requirement is that the actress should be herself, and being herself she could not fail to win the friendship of the public. After that the path to success was smooth and pleasant. On October 27 Miss Anderson produced "The Lady of Lyons," and impersonated *Pauline*. On December 8 she enacted *Galatea* for the first time in England, and she was playing that part when the year ended.

Plays *Pauline* and
Galatea.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, taking his story from a French original, had by this time written a new play for Miss Anderson, and this piece, called "Comedy and Tragedy," she brought forward in association with "Pygmalion and Galatea," on January 26. Her first London engagement was ended on April 5, and thereafter she made her first tour of the country, appearing in Edinburgh (April 28), Glasgow (May 5), Manchester (May 12), Liverpool, Dublin, and Birmingham, and closing the season on June 7. The rest of the summer she passed in travel, making incidentally a trip to Verona, there to study the local scenery, architecture, dresses, and manners, with a view to her

1884.

First appearance as
Clarice.

First tour of
Great Britain
and visit to
Italy.

Her production of "Romeo and Juliet" at the London Lyceum Theatre.

projected production of "Romeo and Juliet." She did not act again until September 6, when was begun, with *Galatea* and *Clarice*, her second London engagement at the Lyceum. On November 1 she there presented "Romeo and Juliet," and impersonated the heroine of that immortal tragedy; and with this revival she filled out the year 1884, and entered upon its successor, in much prosperity.

1885.
Plays *Julia*.

On February 24, 1885, the career of "Romeo and Juliet" being ended, Miss Anderson brought forward "The Hunchback," and enacted *Julia*. A revival of "Ingomar" was effected on April 13, and on the 25th of that month Miss Anderson ended her second season at the London Lyceum.

End of her second season in England.

Attitude of the British press.

Elaborate discussion of Miss Anderson's professional exploits and experience in Great Britain is not intended in this chronicle. Her acting was amply and thoughtfully considered throughout the British press, and it continues to be a prominent subject in British periodical literature. It has prompted some controversy, but in general its worth has been recognized. The most conspicuous of the many English tributes that were

elicited by her performance of *Juliet*, was written in the *Nineteenth Century*, by Lord Lytton ("Owen Meredith"). Portions of that composition are signally thoughtful and eloquent. The voice of censure whenever audible was commonly heard to iterate the old charge of artifice and coldness. Various judges, discussing the art of Miss Anderson, objected to it that they were not able ever to forget that she is an actress; and from this alleged fact they drew the remarkable deduction that she lacks dramatic ability. The chief canon and first exaction of current dramatic criticism, indeed, appears to be that the actor must be so entirely and thoroughly an actor that he will seem to be not an actor at all. This idea of self-abandonment as the crown and glory of all acting, is by no means a new one; but it happens to be just now insisted upon, with more than usual emphasis, by a number of critics who seem to have only recently found it out. It is the ancient doctrine of the art to conceal art. A class of the public, in all the great capitals of the world, is highly educated, at present, in the epicureanism of art; and this class demands, for its enjoyment of the drama, perfect

A tribute
from Lord
Lytton.

The charge
of coldness
considered.

Ars celare
artem.

Acting is
imitation,
and personal
sanctity
should not be
sacrificed.

machinery perfectly well employed. Its appetite, furthermore, is critical rather than sympathetic, and more physical than spiritual. Its delight is in vivisection. It gives more heed to analysis of the actor than to analysis of the character that the actor has undertaken to portray, or to his method in portraying it. The question is no longer whether an actor has formed, and can present, a true ideal of an author's conception; but whether the actor, in his or her own flesh and blood, is the living reality of such and such simulated emotions. An artist who maintains the dignified reticence of a self-respecting human being, and keeps the world at arm's length, is characterized as "cold"; but the abdication of all privacy and all sanctity is "genius." Up to a certain point there is reason beneath these views; but surely it ought never to be forgotten that acting, after all, is nothing more than imitation, and that imitation, if carried too far, becomes obnoxious. After art has done its utmost there will yet always remain a realm of human feeling and experience too sacred for even the footsteps of art to enter.



II

ROSALIND AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

STRATFORD-ON-AVON,
August 30, 1885.

THIS storied city, so placid and dream-like, sitting here upon the Avon side, serene in the great light of an immortal fame, had for some time been deeply excited by proclamation of the event which occurred last night—the first appearance of Miss Mary Anderson as *Rosalind* in Shakespeare's beautiful comedy of "As You Like It." Coming here from Salisbury, where I had been dreaming in the great cathedral and wandering among the grim Druid altars of Stonehenge, I found the town placarded with the name of this fair and famous lady; the shop-windows teem-

She begins
the season of
1885-86 with
"As You
Like It."

Excitement
at Stratford-
on-Avon.

ing with pictures of her; two of the hotels, the Red Horse and the Shakespeare, pre-empted by her theatrical manager, Mr. Henry E. Abbey, for the accommodation of her dramatic company; every reserved seat in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre already sold; many lodgings booked for expected visitors; arrangements made for special railway trains to be run from Leamington and back on the night of the performance; and Miss Anderson the chief topic of conversation whenever and wherever people were assembled. Stratford is a place that I have visited often and frequented long, but not till now had I seen it aroused. In the ordinary course of things the visitor saunters through a solitude to the birthplace; pauses at New Place, the Guild Chapel, and the Grammar School; looks at Gainsborough's portrait of Garrick, in the Town Hall (to the character, meaning, grace, and beautiful colour of which the engraved copy does no adequate justice); talks with the eccentric, kindly, pleasant antiquary John Marshall, amid his Shakespearean relics; explores old Trinity, inside and out, musing at the tomb of Shakespeare and strolling among the thick graves in the

Customary
wanderings
of the
Shakespeare
pilgrim.

Shake-
sperean
haunts.

quiet churchyard; walks to Shottery, to see Anne Hathaway's cottage and perhaps to receive a sprig of rosemary from the friendly hand of its occupant, Mrs. Baker; visits the Memorial Theatre, where the library and the picture-gallery are slowly increasing in extent and value; drives to Wilmecote, four or five miles away, to enter the picturesque timbered farm-house from which, it is said, Mary Arden, the mother of Shakespeare, was married; and, when night has fallen and the moonbeams are bathing the sweet landsc pe in silver dew, takes a boat upon the Avon and rows down to where the spire of Shakespeare's church and the great elms around it are reflected in the depths of the dark, shining stream. Many a calm and beneficent hour may be passed in this way, amid these hallowed scenes; but now I found that the spell of peace which commonly rests upon this shrine had been completely broken. Yesterday all was memory and reverie; to-day is all bustle and expectation. Americans, indeed, have but a faint idea of the popularity of Miss Mary Anderson in England, or the sincere, fervent interest that is felt by the best classes of English people in her professional move-

A night sail
on the Avon.

Popularity of
Mary
Anderson
in England.

She eclipses
her chief
American
predecessors
on the Eng-
lish stage.

Eminent and
admired
actors of the
Old World.

ments. She has been upon the English stage for two seasons; she has acted *Parthenia*, *Pauline*, *Galatea*, *Clarice*, *Julia*, and *Juliet*; and in her practical success she has surpassed the achievement of any American performer in legitimate drama who preceded her in this land. That may, perhaps, sound like an extravagant statement, when it is remembered that among her predecessors here were Edwin Forrest, Edwin L. Davenport, Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Mowatt, Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Booth, and Lawrence Barrett. The fact nevertheless remains. Miss Anderson's English career has been attended with ample prosperity as well as brilliant reputation, and no dramatic name is at this time more highly esteemed in England. The question is not one of greatness or even of rank. Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Toole, Miss Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Langtry, Mr. Wilson Barrett—each has eminence and a public following. But the beautiful and brilliant woman who came here so modestly, who so well represents what is best in the American stage, and who has so richly adorned by her personal worth the laurels gained by her

genuine merit, possesses the affectionate good-will of the whole people, and thus stands in exceptional repute. I have found her name known and respected and her portrait displayed in remote, secluded hamlets where one would not suppose that the inhabitants had ever heard of a theatre or an actor. When, therefore, it was made known that Miss Anderson would enact *Rosalind* for the first time in her life, and at Stratford-on-Avon for the benefit of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, it was natural that a wave of excitement, to which even mighty London gave an impetus, should soon surge around this usually peaceful haven of Shakespearean pilgrimage. Such a wave I found here; and until to-day—when all is over and the actors are gone and the representatives of the London press have returned to the capital, and the crowd has dispersed—Stratford has not seemed in the least like itself. Now it is once more as silent as a cloister and as slumberous as the bower of the Sleeping Beauty in the wood. But from this time it will possess a new charm for the American pilgrim—being associated henceforth with the pure fame and the sweet and gentle pres-

Exceptional
fame of Mary
Anderson.

Londoners
interested in
the Stratford
performance.

Flow and ebb
of public
feeling.

ence of the authentic queen of the American stage.

The
Shakespeare
Memorial
Theatre.

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre will hold nearly seven hundred persons. Its reserved portion contains four hundred and eighty seats. All of these were sold within an hour and a half of the opening of the box-office, on August 25th. Miss Anderson came down on the 27th, with her company, and rested at the Red Horse, and thus she was enabled to devote two evenings precedent to the performance to a dress rehearsal of the comedy. Many social attentions were offered to her. Under the escort of the Mayor of Stratford she visited Clopton House,—a picturesque and famous old place, the former residence of Sir Hugh Clopton, who was a Lord Mayor of London in 1492, reign of Henry VII., and who built the great bridge that still spans the Avon, on the Oxford high-road. She was seen also at the Shakespeare birthplace in Henley street, where the Misses Chataway welcomed her as an old friend. But for the most part she remained in seclusion, awaiting what was felt to be a serious professional ordeal. All about the town meanwhile her professional associates dispersed

Local hon-
ours to the
actress.

Visits old
shrines and
old friends.

Merry hours
in Stratford.

themselves, to view the relics of the great poet and to "fleet the time merrily, as they did in the golden age." Stratford can seldom have been as gay as it was during these two or three days; never surely was it gayer. From London came down a large deputation of journalists. The trains brought many an eager throng from the teeming hotels of sprightly Leamington. One party of twenty-five Americans came in from the sylvan hamlet of Broadway. Visitors to Trinity Church found that flowers had been scattered upon the gravestone of Shakespeare and upon the slabs that cover the dust of his wife and daughter. When the day of the performance came a bright sun and a soft breeze made the old town brilliant and balmy, and but for the falling leaves and the bare aspect of field and meadow there was no hint that summer had passed. A more distinguished or a more judicious audience than was assembled in the Memorial Theatre could not be wished and has not often been seen. Mr. Forbes Robertson, an intellectual and graceful actor, thoughtful in spirit and polished in method, began the performance, coming on as *Orlando*. No performer other than

A press
deputation
from London.

Flowers
strewn on
Shake-
speare's
tomb.

A distin-
guished
audience.

Miss Anderson plays *Rosalind* for the first time in her life.

Miss Anderson, however, could expect to attract especial notice on this night. It was for her that the audience reserved its enthusiasm, and this, when at length she appeared as *Rosalind*, burst forth in vociferous plaudits and cheers, so that it was long before the familiar voice, so copious, resonant, and tender, rolled out its music upon the eager throng and her action could proceed. Before the night ended she was called eight times before the curtain, and she was cheered with a warmth of enthusiasm unusual in this country.

Analysis of the character of *Rosalind*.

The nature of *Rosalind* is intended to combine a tender heart with a fanciful and sparkling mind. The salient and obvious attribute to her character is archness; but the archness plays over gentleness and strength. Her mood is usually merry and she loves to trifle; but, while she teases the object of her secret passion, she always does this in a thoroughly kind and good-natured manner. Her nerves are finely braced; her intellect is alert; her wit is incessantly nimble, and she shoots the arrows of her raillery in all directions. Yet she is quick to pity and to help; her love is profoundly affectionate, her thought always

generous and noble. Gentleness and patience are ascribed to her even by her enemy, and it is particularly noted that all the people praise her for her virtues. There is no boldness in *Rosalind*, beyond the outside show of defiant resolution. Inwardly she shrinks from all offence, with the sensibility of a timid maiden. She can dazzle, but also she can melt. Not without a special and significant design has the poet surrounded this blooming figure with the opulent foliage, teeming life, brisk winds and rustic freedom of the Forest of Arden. Not without meaning has he made her to be extolled and beloved by so many and such good and true hearts. *Celia* loves her. *Orlando*, one of Shakespeare's sanest and soundest men, is immediately captivated by her. The wise *Touchstone*—laughing at himself and life and all the world—is always tender of this wayward princess. Through her first interview with *Orlando* there shines a wistful, tremulous earnestness, a half-grieved, half-doubting, almost child-like meekness, that is irresistibly winning. In her just and high resentment of the *Duke Frederick's* cruel sentence of banishment, there is a perfectly royal pride. And

Archness
veiling
tenderness.

A universal
favourite.

Brave and
cheerful.

when at length she turns to the unknown wilderness and the adventurous quest of fortune, it is with the cheerful buoyancy of a pure heart, the elasticity of a fresh and ardent mind, and that golden spirit of the imagination which, while it conjures up the pathway of exile, only brightens it with the sunshine of hope. Here, surely, if anywhere in Shakespeare, are commingled the tenderness and the splendour which man adores in woman.

Love a
necessity to
Rosalind.

At the outset of the play of "As You Like It," *Rosalind's* nature has reached that period of a woman's development when, unconsciously to herself, love has become a necessity. Her merry question to *Celia*, "What think you of falling in love?" is more than playful, for it is the involuntary sign of what is passing in the secret depths of her heart. That heart is full of passionate tenderness, hungry for the right object on which to bestow itself; and its owner is disturbed by this without knowing why. She is a little saddened with trouble, also, because of her father's exile and her uncle's aversion,— which latter fact her keen, womanlike intuition would not fail to divine,— and she veils herself behind a

The natural
and the
assumed
manner.

gleeful manner, natural to her, but not now entirely genuine. "I show more mirth than I am mistress of." Miss Anderson's denotement of this mood was not less firm than delicate, and it evinced a subtle instinct of truth. Tall, regal, faultlessly beautiful, clad in a rich, simple robe of flowered gold, cheerful in demeanour, but earnest with a sweet, thoughtful gravity, she gave an instantaneous impression of the royal state, the exuberant physical vitality, the finely poised intellect, and the affectionate, sensitive, variable, exultant temperament that constitute *Rosalind*. Her change from pensive pre-occupation to arch levity was made with charming grace; and at the close of the wrestling-match she had shown that the character was easily within her grasp. Upon first seeing *Orlando* this *Rosalind* became instantly attentive; and after their first colloquy, as she turned away, saying, "Pray Heaven I be deceived in you!" her backward look upon him, intense and full of sweet wonder and incipient fondness, told that fate had already spoken, and that love would soon be in full possession of her heart. Miss Anderson introduced new "business" for the embellishment of the

Royal and beautiful appearance of Mary Anderson as *Rosalind*.

New treatment of the wrestling.

Felicitous
stage-busi-
ness.

A fine
moment of
tragic force.

wrestling contest. The custom prevalent at court games in Europe since the usage was first established by the ancient Greeks of awarding to the victor a wreath of ivy or of laurel, or a palm-branch, was followed in this instance, and it became instrumental in a touching effect at the moment when *Rosalind* gives her chain to *Orlando*. Those judges who observe the significant force of appropriate details in a dramatic performance could not miss being charmed with this stroke of thoughtful art. In bestowing her gift *Rosalind* dropped the chain slowly into the extended left hand of *Orlando*—slowly because with a lingering grasp of it, as though she would caress the hand into which it fell—while he, already enslaved by her radiant and bewildering beauty, suffered his victorious wreath to drop unheeded to the ground. Miss Anderson's bearing was nobly impressive in the subsequent interview with the angry and hostile *Duke Frederick*; and her superb delivery of the resentful speech, "Treason is not inherited, my lord,"—her stately figure towering in affluent power, and her fiery spirit blazing forth in vehement indignation,—created a perfect illusion and for

one electrical moment set forth the consummate image of tragic majesty. Miss Anderson's sudden repression of this righteous anger, upon the thought of *Celia* whom *Rosalind* loves, was not the least of the beauties of this treatment. In the ensuing plot of adventurous exile her glowing animal spirits, eager self-reliance, and merry almost jocund humour asserted themselves with charming effect. The exit, made in a burst of gladness, was followed by delighted applause — calling her twice before the audience after the curtain fell.

The irresistible fascination and the exultant free spirit of *Rosalind* are not, however, fully disclosed until she has put on her boy's dress and dashed into the joyous freedom of the woods. The treatment that Miss Anderson would accord to this aspect of the character was awaited with eager interest. It is toward the end of the day when, in this artist's management of "As You Like It," *Rosalind* and her companions, *Celia* and *Touchstone*, come wandering into the forest of Arden. A soft sunset light streams through the woods, and you can almost hear the low murmur of the brook and the anxious, plaintive note of the

Rosalind in
her boy-
dress.

A sunset
picture.

Miss Anderson's Gany-mede dress.

birds that call their mates to rest. The song of the Duke's foresters, returning from the chase, is faintly heard at distance, dying away in the shadowy woodland glades. Upon this lovely rustic scene, enchanted with the soft influences of the falling night, the exiled *Rosalind* and her co-mates in travel made their weary entrance, almost worn out with fatigue, and listless with long endurance. Miss Anderson was not now to play a boy's part for the first time. Playgoers of New York have not forgotten her essay in *Ion* (January 3, 1881), at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, nor the grace, refinement and nobility of feeling and demeanour with which she filled that character. Her personality in *Rosalind* was equally free, natural, and refined, less classic, or not classic at all, and still more beautiful. No prettier *Rosalind* dress could be desired. A russet "doublet and hose," the sleeves of the former slashed with white puffs, a soft leather jerkin, long boots, a shapely velvet hat, a dark red mantle thrown carelessly around the body and carried with easy negligence, a kirtle-axe for the hip and a boarspear for the hand made up this garb; and never was poetic gipsy raiment worn with

more bewitching grace. *Rosalind's* first boy scene gives to her but little opportunity. Deft and expressive dramatic touches were made by Miss Anderson, at "Doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat," and at "Alas, poor shepherd, searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found my own." The sense of humour and the knowledge of human nature here indicated on the part of the actress were remarkable: nor could a thoughtful observer fail to remark, in this scene,—what indeed was characteristic of Miss Anderson's bearing throughout the impersonation,—an innate aristocratic superiority, the natural attribute of a princess. She rounded and closed this passage, in an expressive exit, with an assumption of spirit and strength very human and tender, almost pathetic, in its cheer and encouragement for the weary comrades of her pilgrimage.

Expressive
points.

Personal
aristocracy
of the actress.

When *Rosalind* is next seen a few days may be supposed to have passed. There is no more fatigue now, and there will be no more real trouble. It is bright daylight, and the adventurous youth, as assumed by Miss Anderson, came rambling aimlessly through the forest, singing as he strode.

New and commendable use of the introduced song.

A wonderful voice.

Rosalind instantly aware of the identity of her rhymester.

Usually the song, "When daisies pied and violets blue" (from "Love's Labour's Lost"), is introduced at a later stage of the representation of "As You Like it" (act iv. scene 1), and is given as a musical feature or vocal exploit. Miss Anderson, on the contrary, invested *Rosalind* with a mingled mood, suggesting the spontaneous enjoyment of rich physical vitality just a little subdued by pensive pre-occupation. Her voice, sweetly melodious and deeply sympathetic,—the richest, grandest woman voice to be heard in these days from the dramatic stage,—was audible before she entered; and she gave the song only in part and as an incident. When she came into view she was lounging, and the song was continued by her till she had noticed *Orlando's* paper hung upon a tree, and had taken it down and glanced with an air of momentary bewilderment and puzzled surprise at its contents. Then her voice slowly died away. The felicity of this treatment—the obvious touch of nature—can be mentioned only to be praised. Miss Anderson made *Rosalind* almost instantly cognisant, by intuition, of the source of the versified tribute; and during the subsequent colloquy with

Celia her bearing was that of a delighted lover who guards her own delicious secret beneath an assumption of indifference, and only waits to be told what she is already enraptured to know. The start, at "What shall I do with my doublet and hose?" was made with a precipitate access of confusion, in the sudden remembrance of an awkward predicament which the tumult of her pleasure had hitherto caused her to forget. Throughout the ensuing scene with *Orlando* Miss Anderson delighted the listener, alike with the exuberance of her glee and the incessant felicity with which she denoted the tenderness that it only half conceals. At the question, archly enough uttered but seriously meant: "Are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?" her pretty action of pressing her hand to her bosom, where those rhymes were hidden, may be named as a special excellence of treatment; and when *Orlando*, who has turned away from his questioner, answers sadly, "Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much," her acted caress, which is very nearly detected by him, giving her the pretext for an arch transition, becomes charmingly eloquent and illuminative of *Rosalind's* nature.

Subtle
expression of
veiled love.

"A swashing
and a martial
outside."

Symmetry
and smooth-
ness to come
by repetition.

The reproof scene, with *Silvius* and *Phoebe*, was carried with a good assumption of manly swagger and with a surprising variety of intonation and of dramatic embellishment in the use of the text. The sterner critics of *Rosalind*, who stand fast for ancient usage, thought that they saw here an excess of the element of frolic, and that the tone of the part was lowered. I do not recall any performer of *Rosalind* who gave the mirth of this passage in a more human and natural manner, or so as to impart a greater pleasure. Frequent repetition of the part will enable Miss Anderson to strengthen it in unity, to sustain it evenly at the highest elevation of womanlike sentiment, to carry it with incessant and invariable dash and sparkle, and to conceal every vestige of a personal consciousness of artistic intention and method. There is no comedy part more difficult. For a first performance of *Rosalind* her work was a marvel, alike of ideal and execution. Only genius could have prompted the assumption of that sweet ecstasy of triumph with which, amid all her glee, she contrived to irradiate the scene of the mock marriage. In the swoon scene she was easily victorious, using all at once

those characteristic tragical means so entirely at her command. No dramatic voice that ever spoke the line "I would I were at home" has imparted to it such pathos as it had when it fell from her lips; and when at last this peerless creature, clad in spotless white and dazzling in the superb beauty of her auspicious youth, stood forth to part the tangled skein of destiny and so wind up the piece, it seemed for one instant as if a spirit had alighted upon the earth. Such a vision comes but seldom, and it should not be hailed with cold and common words. I thought of what the great magician himself has said:

Tragical
effect and
pathos.

Shake-
speare's
own words
applied as a
tribute.

Women will love her, that she is more worth
Than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

To-day (August 30) Miss Anderson left Stratford, aboard a special train for Leeds. Her dramatic company went by the same express. There was a crowd at the station and the actress was loudly cheered as her carriage left the platform. Many of her personal friends, American as well as English, were present to say farewell. Miss Anderson visits in succession Leeds, Edin-

Miss Ander-
son starts on
her provin-
cial tour and
her voyage
to America.

burgh, Glasgow, and Dublin, playing one week in each of those cities, and she will then embark aboard the "Gallia" at Queens-town, September 27, and sail for America. The cast with which "As You Like It" has here been produced shows the constitution of the dramatic company with which she will traverse the American cities. The stage manager is Mr. Napier Lothian, jr. The musical director is Mr. Andrew Levey, of London. Miss Anderson's personal representative is Mr. Charles J. Abud, late of the London Lyceum Theatre. The comedy was cast as follows: *Duke*, in exile, Mr. Henry Vernon; *Duke Frederick*, Mr. Sidney Hayes; *Jacques*, Mr. F. H. Macklin; *Amiens*, Mr. Wilson; *Le Beau*, Mr. Arthur Lewis; *Charles, the Wrestler*, Mr. V. Henry; *Oliver*, Mr. Joseph Anderson; *Jacques-le-Bois*, Mr. Gillespie; *Orlando*, Mr. Forbes Robertson; *Adam*, Mr. Kenneth Black; *Touchstone*, Mr. J. G. Taylor; *Corin*, Mr. Sainsbury; *Silvius*, Mr. Bindloss; *William*, Mr. Gaytie; *Celia*, Miss Tilbury; *Phœbe*, Miss Calvert; *Audrey*, Mrs. Billington. The stage version of the comedy that is used by Miss Anderson is one that she has made for herself. It does not restore the original

The cast of
"As You
Like It."

Miss Anderson's own
stage version
of the
comedy.

form of the piece, and it cuts some portions of the text. Hymen and his verses, together with parts of the shepherd talk, are discarded. *Touchstone* has been pruned. The speeches of the *First Lord* are still allotted to *Jacques*—as, indeed, seems an inevitable necessity. Miss Anderson spoke the epilogue—a piece of fustian, unworthy of Shakespeare, which has always been a blot upon the pure poetic beauty of the play. Mr. Forbes Robertson deeply pleased by his performance of *Orlando*. He has grace, earnestness, sentiment, character, and his method is thoughtful and delicate.

The epilogue
a blot on the
play.

The gain, above expenses, of this benefit performance, was one hundred pounds. It is the intention of Mr. Charles E. Flower, the public-spirited director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, to use this money for the purchase of two marble tablets which are needed to complete the decoration of the front of the building. One of these, emblematic of Comedy, will present a scene from "As You Like It," and in this the image of Miss Anderson's lovely *Rosalind* will be perpetuated where first it was revealed. The other, emblematic of Tragedy, will present the grave-yard scene from

Results of
the benefit
performance
at Stratford.

Purposed
decoration of
the Memorial
Theatre.

An example
that should
be followed.

“Hamlet.” History, typified by the scene, in “King John,” between *Hubert* and *Prince Arthur*, already adorns the theatre front, filling a niche in the centre. Designs for the companion pieces exist. When these have been placed the exterior of the Memorial will be completed. Suitable decoration of the theatre and the embellishment of the adjacent grounds upon the bank of Avon will then remain to be accomplished. Miss Anderson, playing at this theatre and for its benefit, and acting *Rosalind* for the first time, has done herself honour in a professional sense, has rendered a generous service to a worthy institution, and has set an example of practical liberality which, perhaps, will not be lost upon other eminent leaders of the stage. To Shakespeare all such actors have owed, and must ever owe in great measure, their prosperity and renown — for it was he who made the ladder upon which they climb. Surely they ought to seize with pride and pleasure the opportunity of perfecting a noble monument to his memory, which likewise will prove a continual means of cultivation and happiness, upon the hallowed soil of his birthplace and his tomb.



III

ROSALIND IN NEW YORK

THE return of Miss Mary Anderson to the American stage was made last night at the Star Theatre, and was hailed by a great audience with feelings of pride and pleasure. Miss Anderson came forward as *Rosalind*, in Shakespeare's comedy of "As You Like It," acting this part for the first time in America, and thus presenting herself in a realm of art and a line of character entirely different from those with which she has hitherto been identified in the public mind. It is seldom that such a strong impulse is afforded to popular emotion and to critical interest as that which pervaded this remarkable occasion. Endeared to the American people through their knowledge of her noble bearing and her signal pro-

October 13,
1885.

Miss
Anderson
reappears in
New York.

The good-
will of the
American
audience.

Her return is
welcomed.

fessional triumphs across the sea, and long since precious to them for her brilliant mind, her exemplary simplicity and sweetness of character, and her aspiring and dignified professional career, Miss Anderson would have been greeted with honest gladness and active sympathy, whatever had been her choice of a vehicle of reëntrance. When she left her home two years ago (May, 1883), she went forth crowned with good wishes and "golden opinions" and cheered onward by confident prophecy—which has been more than fulfilled—of artistic conquest and true success. Her return is a momentous event in the experience of the American stage and the American theatrical public, and by itself, in any of the old characters, it would have sufficed to draw together a numerous and representative assemblage. To come back as the most delicious feminine creation of the greatest of poets was to exceed expectancy and to freight the fair occasion with a lavish plenitude of delight. The eager audience recognised this golden excess and honoured it in a spirit worthy of such an hour and well befitting this capital. It is not the American way to give reluctant welcome

even to a stranger: how much less to the cherished favourite whom heart and judgment alike have approved and accepted! Miss Anderson, when first she entered as *Rosalind*, was hailed with cheer after cheer, and for a long time the movement of the play had to pause. Not for many a day has public good-will made such a manifestation of itself in a theatre, and never was there a better reason for it.

The spirit of
a memorable
night.

A production of the comedy of "As You Like It," if suitably accomplished, should liberate the spectator from that tyranny of the commonplace which is the usual condition of human existence and lure him into a land of dreams and fancies, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." But this play is so completely saturated with the more evanescent quality of poetry that a perfectly adequate presentation of it in every particular—a presentation entirely accordant with its spirit—is perhaps impracticable. The work seems simple enough, and it ought to be easy to define and convey its charm. Yet something subtle at the heart of it constantly eludes the analytic touch. While, however, the nature of its power remains mysterious, there can be no doubt

Influence
and effect of
"As You
Like It."

Subtle
poetry of the
comedy.

of the nature of its influence. It transfigures common life, and it swathes every object and every thought in a golden haze of romance. Drifted on its current the imagination floats away, like the wild-flower on the autumn brook, in aimless and indolent happiness. It is essentially a play to be enjoyed and not to be studied; and surely the right acting of it requires, of all things else, that the players having formed and tested and justified their plan, with not too rigid respect for the actual, should give a free way to their poetic feeling, and, as far as possible, invest the piece with its own pastoral glamour. Things do not fall out in real life as they fall out in this comedy. *Rosalind's* airy exploit must not be tried by the test of probability. No lioness ranges the woods of France. We are in Arden; but all around us are the great elms, and verdurous meadows, and tangled wild-flowers, and fragrant summer airs of beautiful Warwickshire. The piece is full of character, truth, wisdom, and deep and sweet feeling, but its entire substance is treated with the caprice of a poet's fancy. As we ramble through these woodland dells we shall hear the mingled voices of philosophy,

Should be acted with feeling and freedom.

The English pastoral scenery is employed.

folly, and humour, the flying echo of the hunter's horn, the soft music of the lover's lute, and the tinkle of the shepherd's bell. The sun shines always in the Forest of Arden; the brooks sing as they glide; and the soft, happy laughter of the sweetest of all women floats gaily on the scented summer wind. It is no wonder that a theatrical performance should fall somewhat short of sustaining this illusion. Yet the theatrical performance, however imperfect, revives a delicious subject and imparts a momentary freedom and joy—the forgetfulness of common life, the blissful realisation of an ideal world. Even to approximate to excellence in the treatment of this comedy is therefore to confer a public benefit. Miss Anderson has accomplished more than an ordinary revival of “As You Like It”; for, while treating each detail of the work in a spirit of fine intelligence and sympathy, she has reproduced the character of *Rosalind*, with admirable art, with all the physical beauty that the part implies, and with all its soul of tender womanhood, all its rich vitality of changing emotion, its strength of mind, its starlight of sentiment, its glancing raillery, and its exuberant mirth. Old

Impediments
to a
theatrical
performance.

Miss
Anderson's
reproduction
of *Rosalind*.

Rosalinds of
the past.

Nisbett,
Ellen Tree,
Helen
Faucit,
Adelaide
Neilson.

Miss Ander-
son makes
Rosalind a
deep-hearted
woman.

play-goers, doubtless, can recall *Rosalinds*, of the Dora Jordan order, who invested the character with carnal appetite and a semi-dissolute air of reckless revelry; experienced stagers who knew much more of the world than it is wholesome to know; elderly experts, entirely proficient in theatrical mechanism. There have been noble and winning embodiments of *Rosalind*, likewise, which are not to be forgotten or discredited. Nobody doubts that Mrs. Nisbett was delicious in it; or that Ellen Tree presented it in stately and lissom beauty; or that Helen Faucit acted it with nobility and sweetness, and with her characteristic spiritual exaltation. The late Adelaide Neilson was charming in it—only she divested it of serious attributes and turned it to frolic. But Miss Anderson has shown herself incomparable as an image of the superb beauty of *Rosalind*; while no previous performer of the part, in our stage annals, has indicated what this artist makes the vital and dominant fact, that underneath her mischief, her pretty swagger, her nimble satire, and her silver playfulness, *Rosalind* is an affectionate, passionate woman, as deep-hearted as *Juliet*, though different in

temperament and mentality, as fond and clinging as *Viola*, and as constant as *Imogen*.

Because the comedy is poetical, there has ever been a tendency in critical comment to over-freight it with meaning, and especially to surcharge the elusive character of *Rosalind* with vagueness and subtleties. Yet poetry is the exact reverse of complexity, and there can be but one true ideal of this character—instantly visible when Shakespeare's text is subjected to the highest and most obvious interpretation it will bear. Miss Anderson, with the simple, frank, straightforward judgment characteristic of her mind, has turned away from all subtleties of construction, and taken the straight path. Shakespeare's method in delineating his women is almost invariably to cause expression of character under the influence of love. "Man's love," said Byron, "is of man's life a thing apart—'tis woman's whole existence." Shakespeare had already imaged a kindred thought. His men, that really love,—not like *Henry V.* or *Benedick*, but like *Romeo* and *Othello*,—are men that have something of the woman in them; while most of his women would be nothing if they were not lovers. Each of them

No forced
subtleties of
interpreta-
tion.

Shakespeare's
women
differently
affected by
the same
sovereign
passion.

Rosalind an
irresistible
woman.

loves, and each of them shows a different nature under the stress of the sovereign passion. *Viola*, hopeless and patient, will let concealment prey upon her life. *Helena*, made of stronger fibre, will palter with unchastity to win her happiness in love's fulfilment. *Juliet* will have love or death, and she is never so happy or so great as when she plunges the dagger into her heart. *Imogen* will bare her fond bosom to every storm of hardship and cruelty, exultant in simple fidelity and adoration. *Rosalind* also loves, and she could suffer, and she would be true: but she would do no desperate deed, and she would come at last to live in the mind more than in the heart. Her resources of mentality are not less strong than brilliant. But *Rosalind* was born for victory, not defeat; and when she wishes to conquer love she will be so enchanting that all the perfumed airs around her beauteous head will stir and whisper with the rustle of his coming wings. To act *Rosalind* rightly is to assume this condition in Shakespeare's play. Miss Anderson has seen this, and has done it.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in signing his most superb portrait of Sarah Siddons, wrote his

name upon the hem of her garment. It is often in the light and delicate touches that an actor discloses the keen faculty of perception, the gentle and right feeling, and the unerring instinct of taste which are such admirable and charming attributes to the artistic nature. Miss Anderson has lavished upon her performance of *Rosalind* the most affectionate care as to detail and finish. More than any previous representative of *Rosalind* that our stage has disclosed, this actress expresses the noble pride and the shrinking, sensitive modesty of a true woman who truly loves. "My pride fell with my fortunes" is not a truth about *Rosalind*—it is only an excuse. She is as proud as she is tender, and the love with which she honours and hallows *Orlando*, though ardent and generous, is dominated by a strong character, active morality, and fine intellect. Miss Anderson shows this equally by temperament and art. In her impersonation the atmosphere of the character, like the fragrance of the rose, surrounds it and explains it. This *Rosalind* has not put on male attire as one of Molière's dissolute heroines might have put it on, for the purpose of an intrigue or a frolic, but

Beauty of delicate touches.

Rosalind both proud and tender.

Miss Anderson's use of the male attire.

The fine use
of trans-
parency.

Her *Rosa-
lind* defined.

as a disguise beneath which she may protect her changed and menaced state, and perhaps retrieve her fallen fortune; and once being in this disguise she will make use of her opportunity, as best she may, to test the depth and sincerity of the love that she has inspired, and in which her great, pure, tender heart both trembles and exults. Miss Anderson struck the key-note of her impersonation, and disclosed her true and subtle perception of the beautiful quality of transparency in acting,—the device that lets the deeper feeling and interior condition of the heart glimmer forth through the veil of an assumed or a more superficial mood,—when, in saying to *Orlando*, “Sir, you have wrestled well, and —overthrown more than your enemies,” she made the last words a speech “aside” and to him inaudible. The sweet woman-nature thus denoted is undoubtedly at the heart of Shakespeare’s ideal. With this ideal the whole of Miss Anderson’s impersonation is level and harmonious. Her *Rosalind* is neither a sensual rake nor a flippant hoyden; nor, on the other hand, is it in the least degree suggestive of an insipid prude: it is a noble, brilliant, pure, lovely woman, glorious in

the affluent vitality of her beautiful youth, and enchanting in the healthful, gleeful, sparkling freedom of her bright mind and her happy heart.

It is only six weeks since, at Stratford in England, in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Miss Anderson acted *Rosalind* for the first time in her life. Throughout the representation last night her acting displayed only this difference, that in the masquerade scenes it had more dash and sparkle, and that it derived additional fluency, all along its line, from a more effectual concealment of the expedients of art. The vague stirring of love in the heart of *Rosalind*,—which she herself does not understand,—the unrestful mood, the sadness which is due to her regretful perception of her unfortunate circumstances, the show of mirth which would be natural under happy conditions but which now is a little forced, the condition of being *Rosalind* and not of acting a part, the abundant, healthful vitality, the finely poised mind, the tenderness, the sweetly grave temperament, the royal superiority, which yet is touched with a submissive meekness,—these attributes were all again crystallized

Changes in
the perform-
ance.

A superb
woman.

Suggestion
of previous
life.

into a lovely image of young and blooming womanhood. The Princess, as it chances in this play, has been but slightly mentioned before she enters : in the acting version she commonly is not mentioned at all. Her coming, therefore, is a little abrupt. Miss Anderson did not fail to evince her consciousness that every character has its background of previous life. Her entrance as *Rosalind* was in the continuance of a condition of being, and not the beginning of it. The change from pensive pre-occupation to arch levity told at once its story of sorrow sweetly veiled and of a deep nature underneath the laugh. The troubled wonder in the backward look at *Orlando* was eloquent equally of celestial purity and latent human passion. Nothing could be more expressive of *Rosalind's* ardour and delicacy than Miss Anderson's graceful action with the chain. The fine burst of filial resentment, suddenly curbed by the solicitude of friendship, when *Rosalind* defends her banished father, had its legitimate effect of power. In the boy's dress it was found that a royal nature never ceases to be royal. The original and right use of the song ("When daisies pied"), making it the spontaneous overflow of joy

"When
daisies pied
and violets
blue."

in the heart of a healthful, happy girl, was felt to be one of those deft touches of nature which show the finest instinct of art. All through the forest scenes with *Orlando* Miss Anderson makes *Rosalind* repress, beneath frolic and banter, the passion that longs to speak. The furtive caress is indicative of the spirit of the performance. In the reproof of *Phæbe* the almost jocular mirth was equally natural. The pathos in the swoon scene springs out of the under-tide of earnestness that has preceded it. The final entrance of the Princess, in her bridal garments of spotless white, presented an image of dazzling loveliness. Miss Anderson spoke the epilogue for the first time since her performance at Stratford. In part spurious, and in all a tawdry, uncouth piece of writing, that epilogue ought long since to have been discarded. It is inharmonious with *Rosalind's* character, and it never had any effect beyond that of taking the actress out of the part and the picture, and degrading her to the level of a coarse taste. Miss Anderson now closes the piece with a dance. The foes are reconciled; the lovers are mated; and while the woods are ringing with music, and every face is shining with

The furtive
caress and
its meaning.

The bad
epilogue is
discarded.

happiness, the curtain falls upon a scene of sylvan beauty and "true delights."

Quality of
spiritual
freedom in
the actress.

In the presence of a work of art thus luminous with the authentic fire of genius, and thus resplendent against a rich background of such thought and feeling as constitute the highest and finest experience, it seems desirable that something more should be set down than simply the record of it, or the mere cold description of its attributes and its effect. The quality that most of all commends Miss Anderson to sympathy and admiration—more especially of those observers who, through experience and suffering, have learned to know the world and to place something like a right estimate upon human life—is her spiritual freedom. Care has not laid its leaden hand upon her heart. Grief has not stained the whiteness of her spirit. The galling fetters of convention have not crippled her life. Accumulated burdens of error and folly have not arrived to deaden her enthusiasm and imbitter her mind. Disappointment has not withered for her the bloom of ambition or blighted the smile upon the face of hope. Time, with its insidious and saddening touch, has not yet curbed for her the starry visions of pur-

pose or the joyous tumult of action. Satiety and monotony have not made a desert round her path. But still for her the birds of morning sing in the summer woods, while her footsteps fall, not on the faded leaves of loss and sorrow, but on the blown roses of youth and joy. Strong in noble and serene womanhood, untouched by either the evil or the sordid, unwholesome dulness of contiguous lives, not secure through penury of feeling and not imperilled through reckless drift of emotion, rich equally in mental gifts and physical equipments, this favoured creature is the living fulfilment of the old poetic ideal of gipsy freedom and classic grace. Byron saw it, in his "Egeria." Wordsworth saw it, in his "Phantom of Delight." Seldom have human eyes beheld it in actual human form. Yet is it one of the richest and grandest possibilities of existence. Once, at the outset, comes to every human soul the opportunity of its choice. Here at least is one being who has chosen well. Every emanation of her art is eloquent of innate royal superiority. Whatever its walk of life might be, such a nature, it is easy to perceive, would still keep its imperial dominance, equally of its circumstances and itself. The success

Happiness of
her fate and
condition.

"Egeria."

Not wrecked
by evil or
foolish choice
of conduct at
the outset of
life.

Noble in
herself.

of Miss Anderson is not the accident of superficial beauty and frivolous caprice. Her art is noble, but her self is more noble than her art. Great in her achievements and greater still in her nature, the presence of such a woman touches, in many and many a heart, that chord of sorrow which vibrates back to the error that lost the world. Each of her performances gives its special revelation of genius and imparts its special and peculiar charm; but, higher and better than all her works, because a stately and splendid monition to the soul and not merely a superb delight to the sense, abides the woman herself—to teach us what loveliness is possible in human life, and to make us think on the nobleness that may yet remain among the wastes of experience and the wrecks of time.

The lesson
of her
personality.

The music of
"As You
Like It."

One of the principal beauties of "As You Like It" is its use of plaintive song warbled in the ears of exiles, "under the shade of melancholy boughs," and expressive of the sad wisdom of experience, the humane tenderness of a great nature toward the frailty of mankind—that strange, half-sad, half-cheerful poetry of contemplation which is suggested by the contrast of nature's re-

pose with man's restless, evanescent, dubious condition. The loss of any of this music seems a serious loss to the play. The portions that were given had a touching effect. Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson made his first appearance in America, representing *Orlando*. The beauty of this character is that it shall be invested with the affluent and therefore calm vitality of youthful manliness, with galliard grace, and with occasional quiet and gentle drollery that plays over a mood of pensive pre-occupation. Mr. Robertson by indefinable peculiarities is shown to be a man of introspective intellect, pensive temperament, sombre imagination, and a mental tendency to drift toward such views of life and such conditions of art as are more accordant with the *Hamlets* and *Romeos* of the drama than with the lighter lovers of Shakespearean comedy. His performance of *Orlando*, all the same, was full of right feeling expressed with incessant grace and admirable skill. His manly tenderness in the scene with *Adam*, his impetuosity in the first encounter with the exiles, his nonchalant humour in the colloquy with *Jacques*, his good-natured, kindly, half-amused, half-perplexed toleration of

Mr. Forbes-
Robertson as
Orlando.

Other
associate
performers.

the mysterious, winsome boy who would be taken for *Rosalind*, and throughout the impersonation his air of high breeding and his perfect taste commended him to the public sympathy and laid for him the basis of a permanent popularity. Mrs. Adeline Billington, an actress long esteemed upon the English stage for her fine talents, her versatility, and her conscientious work, made also her first appearance here, in the rustic part of *Audrey*. Mrs. Billington has played higher parts and will play them again. She showed the true artistic spirit in giving a zealous presentment of this little character. Her humour is rich, her art discreet. Mr. Macklin came forward as *Jacques*, the sated libertine and world-wearied philosopher. This actor has dignity, sadness, and a vein of caustic humour. The ignoble conduct and the saturnine temperament of *Oliver* render him repugnant to sympathy. Mr. Joseph Anderson's sincerity made him formidable and inspired curiosity as to the workings of his dark and sinister mind.



IV

GALATEA AND CLARICE.

Two of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's plays, October 23.
"Pygmalion and Galatea" and
"Comedy and Tragedy," were
presented last night and Miss
Anderson acted in them, as *Galatea* and
Clarice. Her *Galatea* furnishes a shining
and remarkable example of what may be
accomplished, through the medium of the
dramatic art, when a character in itself
slender receives the investiture of a noble
and poetical personality. As she stands in
the text of Mr. Gilbert's play, *Galatea* is
Galatea
defined.
little more than a sweet and pleasing image
of simple girlhood; but *Galatea* as em-
bodied by Miss Anderson is a superb type
equally of woman's ideal grandeur and
woman's human loveliness. The charm that
the actress diffuses through the character is

Meaning im-
parted by the
actress.

Fulfilment of
the ideal is
impossible in
human life.

that of angelic innocence pervading a pure and sinless but human and passionate love, and expressing itself in artless words and ways, which sometimes bring a smile to the lips and sometimes smite the heart with a sudden sense of grief and desolation. But the meaning with which she has freighted the experience of *Galatea* is productive, for the character, of a power which transcends its charm. The meaning is the hopelessness of an ideal love or an ideal life, under such conditions of existence as those which environ the human race. Such a love may be cherished in the heart; such a life may be lived in the mind; but the one can have no fulfilment and the other must be lonely and cold. In other words, the ideal and the actual in human life are confronted but not conjoined. Still more, since experience is inexorably operative and must always bring its consequence, any practical surrender to the ideal is a choice of suffering and perhaps of death. A great ideal love must destroy either itself or the being who feels it. True passion is not a wisp-light, it is a consuming flame, and either it must find fruition or it will burn the human heart to dust and ashes. There is no creature so

lonely as the dweller in the intellect. These are the truths that Miss Anderson makes clear and impressive in her performance of *Galatea*. Within such integuments of scene and language as the dramatist has furnished she shows the soul of a great woman—a woman greater than this author has conceived or drawn—made glorious with an ideal love, convulsed by a crushing experience of blight and grief, and finally sanctified by self-abnegation and death. Her *Galatea* is the dream of a poet, turned from marble into flesh and blood. Her passion for *Pygmalion* is as pure as heaven, yet tender as woman's heart. But she has come into a world of selfishness and sin; a world in which lower creatures abide and prevail; a world in which everything is pre-empted, and in which she can have no part. The actual is her enemy and it repudiates her presence. The nature upon which she has set her heart, though allured to her for a little while, follows its innate law of selfishness and falls away from her in her extremest need. She has no life except in her love. It fails her, and she must perish. The ideal has dashed itself against the actual, in a world of common natures, and

The actress
elevates the
character.

Galatea
interpreted
as too pure
and delicate
for this
world.

The actual
defeats the
ideal.

it is shattered. The one mute gesture of supplication with which Miss Anderson makes this lonely and forlorn creature turn back once more and for the last time toward the man she loves has a whole life of experience in it—a world of meaning—and in itself it is one of the most beautiful touches of dramatic art and one of the most eloquent and pathetic denotements of human feeling that have been seen.

Her performance fine in execution and meaning.

Attributes of it are specified.

From the first this performance of *Galatea* has been, technically, one of Miss Anderson's best works. It presented at the outset but few and trivial blemishes, and these have disappeared; so that if it be viewed simply as dramatic execution, and without reference to its deep, interior meaning, it is a delight to the faculty of taste and a joy to the sense of sweet and gentle humour, while to the love of beauty it is a supreme contentment. The perfect Greek dress, the white loveliness of the statue, the eager, radiant face, the subtle suggestion of pain as well as rapture in the process of awakening from the marble, the grace of movement, the consummate repose, the finely modulated action, the honest eyes, the softly musical voice—these attributes and graces, and

many more like these, might be named among its felicities of exterior and of art. No trace of self-consciousness mars the fresh bloom of the Greek girl's innocence. Truth is in every look and every tone. In reverie she has the sweetly grave manner and the winning, confiding helplessness of a child. Her horror at sight of the dead fawn and her terror at sight of its destroyer are so entirely earnest and natural that they create a distinct illusion and impress as much as they amuse. Her artlessness and her quiet, spontaneous glee, in the comic scene with *Chrysos*, are expressed with a delicious variety of elocution and made to communicate a rich glow of enjoyment. Her action and her passionate vehemence of supplication that *Cynisca* will spare *Pygmalion* make a superb tragic picture. Her pathos in the closing scene has the cruel reality of pain, and is indeed a wonderful simulation of misery—not the trivial pique and perplexity that flow from wounded pride, but the utter woe of a broken heart. Every portion of the texture of her work is, to these ends, animated by a fine intelligence and finished with delicate skill. But she goes further than this. There is always

Artless and
gleeful.

The soul
within the
body of art.

Secret source
of her power.

in the work of a true artist that soul beneath the surface which illumines the outward fabric and makes it precious to all minds that are able to comprehend it. If this were not so the only possible question as to acting would be a question of correctness and detail; and from that point of view very little discussion of the subject would amply suffice for the public need. In presence of an actor who is merely skilful in the use of artistic expedients, the mind remains quiescent because the heart is untouched. It cannot signify much to others whether such a performer executes a task well or ill. The charm of personality must shine through the mechanism. It is what the actor is, far more than what the actor does, that conquers in the realm of the human mind. Miss Anderson's performances — because of her constant, healthful growth in a broad culture and a fine experience, and because of the high poetic soul, the gipsy-like freedom of spirit with which she is endowed — are remarkable for this victorious power, and it is upon this, their permanent value, that thought inclines chiefly to linger. In acting *Galatea* she has brought out more than all the thought that is in the play.

That irremediable wrench or warp in human nature which seems for ever present to the author's mind—that incongruity, now grotesque and now pitiable, which is constantly visible to him between goodness and innate depravity, between loveliness and the debasing influences of a corrupt world—is readily manifested. But it remained for this actress, with her sweeter perception and deeper and gentler insight, to give a broader application to elemental truths. Long ago her acting of *Galatea* gave solemn enforcement to the afflicting fact that affection, fidelity and self-sacrifice are commonly lavished on worthless natures, and that the deadliest wound to love is its knowledge, when cast aside and forsaken, that it never was even once understood by the object of its worship. The impersonation as it now stands, while mournfully pathetic with this comment upon human life, is impressive with the loftier lesson that the ideal is unattainable and that a great nature must be sufficient to itself, enduring all things even unto death. That white marble statue, when all is over, when the play is ended and the heart has ceased to beat,—that crystal image of purity and truth,—is no longer now the symbol of

The sad
incongruity
pervading
life.

Lessons of
Miss Ander-
son's acting.

Galatea
triumphant
in death.

sorrow and defeat, but the emblem of a divine triumph. Life and love are for the frail and fleeting creatures of the common world. No more worship of a shadow! No more dependence on the shallow and fickle heart of man! No more of disappointment, of denial, and the weary, wasting, withering sickness of speechless grief! Tears will never dim those glorious eyes, nor sorrow mar again the perfect peace of that celestial brow. Mortal life was too narrow, too weak and poor for that immortal spirit. The statue is the victor.

Alleged
coldness of
Miss Ander-
son's acting.

It has been said of Miss Anderson that her acting is cold; that it is deficient of sentiment; that it never touches the heart; that it indicates a person of mind and mechanism, but not a person of sensibility. Those judges who take this view of the subject are, doubtless, sincere in their opinion. But it is difficult, if not impossible, to see how such an opinion can prevail in the presence of such a performance as this. Surely a dignified reticence of self-respect may be maintained in acting, as in everything else, without the sacrifice of emotion. Art is noble, but the sanctity of the human soul is nobler yet. Miss Anderson, more

The soul is
more sacred
than any art.

perhaps than any other woman upon the stage in our time, possesses and exhibits that fine aristocratical superiority which comes of innate nobleness. If there be any coldness in her acting, that coldness is here. She does not employ delirium and convulsion. But the performances of *Galatea* and *Clarice* that she gave—and gave in such a way as to thrill a great audience and beguile it of its tears as well as its enthusiastic plaudits—were vital with the strongest and finest feeling of a true woman's heart.

As *Clarice*, Miss Anderson points a striking contrast and gives a puissant and convincing evidence of her artistic power. *Galatea* is ideal. *Clarice* is actual. And the situation in which *Clarice* is placed imperatively commands the simultaneous portrayal of a terrific struggle in a woman's heart and of the exercise of mimetic talents by an accomplished actress. There is but little in the play, aside from this situation. *Clarice* is a wife, and herself and her husband are actors. She has been pursued and persecuted with great insolence by a Regent of France. Her husband has challenged this oppressor, but the challenge has been declined with contempt. A prince

The play of
"Comedy
and
Tragedy."

A thrilling
dramatic
situation.

Trans-
parency in
acting.

Appropriate
scenery.

cannot fight with an actor. In their desperate resentment these wronged and infuriated lovers contrive a plot to lure the Regent into their power and compel him to submit to the arbitrament of the sword. The plot succeeds. The two men depart into a garden to fight their duel, in which one of them must surely die. *Clarice*, momentarily left alone, is soon the centre of a brilliant throng of guests whom she must entertain. They ask a specimen of her art—an illustration of comedy and tragedy. *Clarice*, listening all the while for the sounds of the combat outside, and knowing that perhaps her husband may in a moment fall by the hand of their loathsome enemy, must act the part of a strolling player. This she does, and this is the situation. Transparency in acting—when you are saying and presenting one thing, and thinking and being another—was lately used by Miss Anderson, as *Rosalind*, with an effect of winning sweetness. She used it as *Clarice* with an effect of overwhelming tragic power.

For these two plays only two sets of scenery are required. One of them is a simple Greek interior—the workshop of a sculptor, in ancient Athens. It was com-

posed with simplicity but not with penury. The classic life should never be presented as either starved or frigid. Miss Anderson has given scholarlike attention to each detail of the stage embellishment. The set for "Comedy and Tragedy" is a handsome interior, in a Parisian house, in the time of Louis XV. and the Regent Orleans.

The pathetic experience of *Galatea* is, perhaps, made somewhat less forlorn when *Pygmalion* is represented as horror-stricken and remorseful over his own ruthless and cruel extinction of her beautiful life. This is the view of *Pygmalion* presented by Mr. Robertson. His appearance was essentially classic, his bearing noble, his delivery of the text flexible, graceful, and finely intelligent; his touches of playful humour were made with winning sweetness, and his performance was instinct with incessant refinement. In the after-piece Mr. Robertson embodied *D'Aulnay* with manly grace, making him both gentle and impetuous; and Mr. Macklin invested the dissolute *Regent* with appropriate attributes of elegance, hauteur, and menace. The preparations for the central scene of this play are, perhaps, a little awkward; the plot is a little

Mr. Robertson as
Pygmalion.

Miss Anderson as the strolling player.

incongruous. Only the most outrageous provocation could lead a noble-minded woman to descend to *Clarice's* scheme for revenge. But the situation, once attained, has a prodigious dramatic value. Miss Anderson has pressed within the compass of this brief piece an astonishing display of versatile professional skill. Her treatment of the strolling-actor speech is such as would only be possible to a close and deep observer of human life and a proficient delineator of the varying phases of human nature. But there remains a certain natural incongruity between the character and the actress; and artifice does not sit easily upon her artistic method.





V

PAULINE



MISS ANDERSON has embodied still another image of beauty and nobleness in woman; still another representative type of the experience of a woman's heart. She has appeared as *Pauline*, in the comedy of "The Lady of Lyons." Like her previous works, this performance conspicuously shows the power and value of devoted earnestness in the service of art for its own sake. In other hands "The Lady of Lyons" has sometimes seemed to be trivial; in her hands it is shown to be worthy of the best thought that can be expended upon it. This, on the threshold of achievement, is a victory.

It long has been a critical custom to deride this comedy; but the custom is neither just nor wise. There is, no doubt,

November 3.

Pauline
again.

Unwise to
disparage
"The Lady
of Lyons."

Theatrical
value of the
old comedy.

Love easily
satirised, but
not the less
noble.

improbability at the basis of its plot; extravagance in some of its incidents; such an excess of sentiment in its spirit as must naturally repel the conventional mind; and there is a distinct tinge of artifice in its language. Yet it embodies a representative experience and it presents an exalted ideal of the passion of love, and of human nature as affected by that passion, which is of almost universal significance. It can easily be turned into ridicule—but so can everything else in life. Its story, like that of “Ruy Blas,” for example, or that of “The Stranger,” is the story of a man’s idolatry for a woman, and what came of it; and this theme has ever been the easy prey of the scorner. Lord Byron—who of all the poets had been most capable of feeling it—long ago led the satirists in this path, making human love the especial mark of that heart-broken satire of his which so often shows the woful eyes behind the mocking laugh. But the truth is not to be repelled by laughter. There are, and always will be, men and women capable of sublime conduct under the stress of human passion; and the work of art which presents in an adequate manner this possible aspect of

experience possesses a potent beneficent influence that no ridicule can invalidate — for it ennobles all persons who can understand it, by its simple teaching of fidelity to the religion of the heart, no matter what adverse circumstances may environ the outward life.

“The Lady of Lyons” is a work of this kind. It can be spoiled by insincerity in the stage treatment of it. It exacts profound earnestness and apt suitability in those who represent it. When acted in the right spirit it is truthful, tender, pathetic, and impressive. The extravagances are forgotten. The tawdriness of the style passes unnoticed. It cannot, indeed, be said that Bulwer has treated the theme of self-sacrifice for love’s sake with the stalwart strength and in the large, broad manner of a Victor Hugo, as shown in such a book as “The Toilers of the Sea”; but certainly he has treated it well. It was his favourite theme. It runs through many of his works. The novels of “Godolphin,” “Harold,” and “Zanoni” might particularly be cited as examples of his ideal. Magnanimity, self-sacrifice, devotion, dignity, sweetness — these are the elements of character and

Many defects
redeemed by
sincerity.

A lesson from
Bulwer’s
novels.

conduct that he aimed especially to extol ; and these attributes, as much exemplified by *Pauline* as by *Claude Melnotte*, are extolled with passionate fervour in "The Lady of Lyons."

Necessity of
correspond-
ence between
an actor and
an ideal.

An accomplished artist in acting is able to assume and portray many diverse and contrasted parts. Yet it will be perceived by students of this subject, if they duly heed the lessons of experience, that the best pieces of acting that ever have been given—those that have imparted the most of happiness and attracted the most of human sympathy—are such as rest upon harmony between the ideal and the actor. The best actor, indeed, is not one who presents his every-day self. There can be no art without imagination. But the most potent and the most salutary acting ensues when the actor can freely impart to an ideal form that higher self, that rare compound of imagination, feeling, spirit, and character, which is within and above his ordinary and usual identity.

Miss Anderson's ideal of *Pauline* is intuitive rather than reflective. She has evidently given careful thought to the artistic form and expression of the work ;

but she has assumed the investiture of its spirit spontaneously and without meditation or effort. The cold elegance, the unconscious haughtiness, the icy refinement, and the pure and beautiful simplicity of *Pauline's* nature are elements included in her own; so that her presence, before anything is said or done, at once explains and justifies the circumstances that surround her. Fate is character. This effect in acting ought never to be overlooked—for, indeed, the whole vital question of the matter depends upon its presence or its absence. The ordinary actor can obtain no effect without labour for it; and even then it excites no ardour of responsive feeling. Genius, on the other hand, conquers instantly by its intrinsic charm. The rich and royal nature that burns beneath Miss Anderson's acting is the crowning glory of it, and this will give to her a permanent and noble fame through whatever years of conquest remain before her, and long after the petty voices of contemporary detraction are silent in the dust. Her quality, like her career, is unique and incomparable. More wildness of human passion, more of the desolate pathos of the ruined life and the wandering soul, was

Miss Anderson well suited to *Pauline*.

Intrinsic charm more victorious than labour.

Adelaide
Neilson and
Ellen Terry.

Characteris-
tic attributes
of Mary
Anderson.

seen in the acting of Adelaide Neilson. More of a certain exquisite frenzy, more physical abandonment, and a more assured command of the arts of high comedy are seen in that of Miss Ellen Terry. But no other union, such as exists in Miss Anderson, of cold intellect with affluent physical beauty, perfect refinement of womanhood, and fairy-like grace and liberty of condition,—the fine aerial human spirit typifying the glorious freedom of the sea-bird that skims the white-crested billows of the lonely sea,—has appeared upon the stage of our time. Each successive performance of hers only deepens this conviction; and in presence of this finished work of art—a work that charms by grace of artistic form and fascinates by a lovely vitality of nature—it is but justice that this judgment should be expressed with explicit force.

Under-
currents of
meaning.

For it is by no means easy to convey to others, as this actress has conveyed, not simply the experience of her heroine, but, back of that experience, the lesson of what woman endures and suffers when she loves. The subject is one upon which it seems almost a sacrilege to touch. In her treatment of the two cottage scenes Miss

Anderson not only expressed the resentment of wounded honour, the struggle of a proud spirit to subdue a passionate love, the bewildered, afflicting sense of impending loss and sorrow, the ecstasy of exultation over vindicated worth, and the sharp, blighting sense of irremediable bereavement; but, by the light which is within her own spirit, by a deep, sympathetic intuition, she displayed the whole pathetic picture of what is passing in many human hearts, and thus for one superb moment illumined the whole dark abyss of human grief. During the first cottage scene she gives supremacy to *Pauline's* pride. It is only at the close that she allows the heart to speak; but when that moment comes her expression of the piteous helplessness of an angelic woman who loves and suffers in vain is more pathetic than words can say, and has a meaning that no true man can contemplate except with humility and awe. The picture in the fifth act, when *Pauline* is discovered sitting by the fireside, will long be remembered for its exquisite grace. Mr. Forbes-Robertson acted *Claude Melnotte* for the first time in his life, and he accomplished a delicate task with artistic discretion.

Her acting in
the cottage
scenes.

The fireside
picture in
Act V.



VI

JULIET

Nov. 12.



Miss Anderson's crowning victory.

LAST night, in presence of a great representative audience, Miss Anderson impersonated Shakespeare's *Juliet*, and therein she gave a performance which is worthy to be recorded as the crowning splendour of her professional life. The tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" was set upon the stage in a magnificent scenic dress, and with a careful cast of its characters, and the general drift of it was to create a natural and pathetic illusion. The effort has been made in this revival, and has succeeded, to display the beginning, the progress, and the fulfilment of a tragical experience in human life, amid surroundings that are truthful to the element of fact in the dramatic story, and at the same time harmonious with the exalted

spirit — now voluptuous and romantic, now passionate, tragic, and terrible, but always tremulous with vague menace and impending danger — by which that story is enwrapt. An old civilisation, the repose of massive towers, the solidity and picturesque beauty of time-worn buildings, the strength and peace of aged and mossy trees, the cool gloom and awful splendour of ancient churches, the mystery and silence of dark cathedral crypts, the climate of the South, the glimmering glory of moonlit summer nights — all these were needful, in Shakespeare's scheme, as a background to the story of "Romeo and Juliet." For such a background his text makes ample provision. But the play is not treated correctly when it is treated as a pageant. Just as a man should not be subordinate to his apparel, so a play should not be subordinate to its attire. The true and right way is to let the scenery grow out of the drama and crystallise around it. This law has been respected in the present Shakespearean revival; and therefore, although the embellishment is elaborate, the result of it is natural. The tragedy has not been produced to show how well a scenic artist can paint or how

Essential features of her production of "Romeo and Juliet."

The scenery is a consequence of the play.

Distin-
guished
scenic artists.

A truthful
and beautiful
setting.

skilfully a stage machinist can work his cords, but it has been brought forward for the sake of what it contains and what it signifies, and it has simply been provided with such illustration as might help to make the spectator forget that he is looking at a fiction, and thus render more real to his imagination and his heart a poetic picture, at once beautiful and terrible, of the passion and agony of human life that is shipwrecked by human love. There are seventeen distinct scenes. They were painted from sketches made in Verona. The most and the best of them were produced by O'Connor, Hawes Craven, and Bruce Smith. Several of the paintings are worthy of a permanent place in the archives of art. The public square and the churchyard, by O'Connor, the grove of sycamores, by Craven, and the Friar's cell, by Bruce Smith, will be remembered as perfect works for the purpose that they serve—and something more. It may be said, indeed,—and it never could truthfully be said before, with reference to any revival that has been made of "Romeo and Juliet,"—that whoever looks upon the scenes which have been provided by Miss Anderson for this production has looked upon

Verona itself, has listened to the rustling of leaves in the scented air of the southern night, and heard the nightingale sing in the dusky Italian woods.

It often must have been observed that Shakespeare expends his intellectual force more lavishly upon the study and analysis of man than upon the study and analysis of woman. *Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, Othello, Iago, Brutus, Cassius, Coriolanus, Shylock, Falstaff*—each of these is an elaborate, comprehensive, profound, and completed study. There is scarcely one of Shakespeare's women who, in close comparison with either of these men, seems much more than a sketch. *Imogen, Cleopatra, and Rosalind* are, perhaps, the most specifically depicted of all his heroines. *Juliet*, drawn with a few bold touches and simply placed in a few great representative situations, seems rather to be outlined and suggested than actually and minutely portrayed. In this beautiful and lamentable image of passionate devotion and still more passionate sorrow the poet's object seems to have been to declare, once for all, what a true woman's heart feels and suffers when it loves and loses its love. Such an utterance, he must

Shake-
speare's men
more fully
drawn than
his women.

Outline
sketch of
Juliet.

Drift of the
tragedy.

It was written in Shakespeare's youth.

Superiority of the later tragedies.

have felt, would be an essential part of his authentic and celestial message to the human race. He gave it, however, before he had attained to a complete mastery of himself and his literary implements, and before yet his conquest of the entire domain of human thought and feeling had been accomplished. He was only twenty-seven when he first touched this subject, and, although he returned upon it in later years, his work was not relieved of that florid strain, that artificial use of rhymed lines, that sketch-like treatment of character, and that slight vagueness of general significance which are the indications of his immaturity. His tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" is, undoubtedly, a powerful, noble, eloquent exposition of passion and misery; but, somewhat unlike the greater tragedies of his perfect maturity, it does not entirely and profoundly display the character through the emotion. When he came to depict *Lady Macbeth* and *Cleopatra* he could show human passions inextricably blended with the diversified attributes of definite human personality. He did not do this with *Juliet*. When this afflicted woman is separated from her passion and her misery she fades, as an actual

identity, almost into the realm of conjecture. When first presented in the play she is simply a beautiful girl, sweet, innocent, artless, obedient, whose heart has not yet been awakened, and whose mind and will, contented in the physical joy of blooming youthful life, are merely pleased and passive. Throughout the whole of her first scene, which is not a short one, she only speaks about fifty words. It is only when her eyes have looked into the eyes of *Romeo* and her heart has leaped to his that she becomes a woman indeed, and begins to reveal, in her words and in her conduct, the attributes of her individual nature. Yet even then, in the line of treatment that Shakespeare chose to follow, there remains much scope for the actress of *Juliet* to reinforce the character with her own personality. Miss Anderson has observed and has completely fulfilled this opportune condition. By the affluence of her own nature, by the extraordinary correspondence existing between herself and the Shakespearean ideal, and by a finished and beautiful art,—through which her impetuous feeling is guided with firm intellectual purpose, and made all the more affecting by repose,—she has imparted

Juliet as girl
and as
woman.

The opportunity of the
actress.

Miss Anderson's individual
character
and power.

to *Juliet* an individual life of definite and delightful character, as well as a tempest of emotion and the dark and desolate grandeur of tragic death.

The best
Juliet of our
time.

Nature of
true love.

In January, 1882, when Miss Anderson last enacted *Juliet* here, she had become the best *Juliet* on the American stage; and as such she was then described and characterised in print, by the writer of these words. She is more than that now. Her performance at that time was right in stage convention, magnetic and noble in loveliness of spirit, touched with the glamour of woful passion, and fraught with a tremendous energy of sincere purpose. In the scenes with *Romeo* she made *Juliet* tender and simple. The love that she denoted was not the animal love that devours and destroys (that sensual frenzy of the beast which so much of contemporary criticism has declared to be the only true and genuine article), but the love that hallows and cherishes, and would give all to procure the possession and the happiness of its object. Her desolation in that supreme moment when, after the last parting with the *Nurse*, the poor, doomed girl enters into her bleak and tragic solitude, was instinct with a sublime pathos. Her

frenzy in the climax of the potion scene and her utter recklessness of passionate misery in the suicide were thrilling and piteous, and they were expressed with well-considered art. Her present performance of *Juliet* follows the precise lines which are thus suggested ; but in a strange and subtle way, which it is much more easy to feel than to describe, the actress has converted what formerly was mostly a piece of stage art into a vital and burning reality of positive human life. Her mechanism is widely different from what it used to be. All formality has disappeared. The first entrance of *Juliet*, as she puts aside the curtain and stands in the stairway arch, is the easy, natural disclosure of the simple girl amid her accustomed domestic surroundings. This felicity of grace in the treatment of external matters — the form, the ceremony, the convention, the photography of ordinary life — pervaded the impersonation. No detail has been left to chance. The stricken figure of the beautiful girl, who has already had her death-blow at the hand of love, standing there in the darkening hall when the revel is ended and the guests are gone away, is seen at once to be a perfect emblem of

Passion illuminates art.

Grace and precision of details.

The touch of
foreboding.

Omits
Juliet's
scene of
frenzy.

Composure
at the sum-
mit of ex-
citement.

consummate dramatic art. On the balcony she has the absorbed manner of true reverie, and her ardour is sweetly touched and subdued by the vague apprehension, no less than the maiden purity, that is at her heart. "I have no joy in this contract to-night." In the teasing scene with the *Nurse* all her stage business is devised to create and sustain the effect of entirely childlike petulance, wilfulness, caprice, and charm. The cloud has lifted now, and the vague omen is for a moment forgotten. *Juliet's* "banished" scene Miss Anderson now omits — just as Miss Neilson did, and wisely; for it conflicts with *Romeo's* kindred scene, and it anticipates a dramatic effect which should not arrive so soon. Her parting with *Romeo* has the sad reality of literal grief, and it is managed in such a way as to deepen an almost insufferable sense of bereavement and hopeless sorrow. Her calm despair — which is obviously the extreme tension of suffering and dead stillness of excitement — after the *Nurse* has gone, and the time has come for taking the dread alternative of a simulated death, was so actual that it seemed to strike a blow upon the heart. In the final crisis — the awakening in the tomb,

the perception of defeat and ruin, and the fatal act which now alone can repair what fate has ravaged—she rose easily into tragic grandeur, making the theatre and all its accessories to be forgotten, and leaving only the solemn and awful conviction that there are times when only death can be deemed triumphant and it is better to die than to live.

Her sublime
final effect.

For the continuity of this achievement a more studious art and continual practice might account; but for its vitality of identification and its afflicting significance the motive must be sought in something deeper than the impulse of art. It is no longer the imagination that speaks, through this remarkable performance; it is the heart. Miss Anderson found *Juliet*—as all observers find her—a shadowy ideal of love and grief. She has left her a distinct and superb woman, animated throughout the whole line of her conduct, from the moment when she becomes aware of herself, with noble principle and heroic fidelity, not less than with passionate, heroic love. She has presented a personality that can be defined and described. Nothing but the intuition of genius could have accomplished this

The heart
now tran-
scends the
imagination.

The intuition
of genius.

result — at once bringing the character into brilliant relief, and writing, as in lines of white fire upon a midnight sky, that hopeless word which is the final result and comprehensive lesson of all the tragic plays of Shakespeare — misery.

Shake-
speare's
portraiture
of human
misery.

His great
men and
women are
worldly
failures.

For that is where his thought ended. He reflected the evanescent and mournful pageant of human life as he saw it to exist, and he suggested no relief to the picture. He may not have been sufficiently mature to put forth all his power in "Romeo and Juliet," but in so far as he did exert that power he exerted it in the direction of the truth. Misery and not happiness is the predominant theme of this play — as it afterward was of "Hamlet" and kindred works. This world is not a rose garden, and happiness is not the earthly destiny of man. The great men and women in Shakespeare are those that the common mind of the world would invariably regard as failures. *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Othello*, *Coriolanus*, *Timon* — all of them drift into ruin. *Romeo* fails; not only because fate is against him, but because of a certain perverse melancholy and ingrained, enervating dejection which taints his spirit and would

inevitably defeat his life. *Juliet*, thrilled and absorbed with passionate idolatry of another human being, utterly overwhelmed with emotion that heeds no reason and brooks no restraint, is the personification of love, and therefore fatal to herself. The glittering *Mercutio*, the choleric, gallant *Tybalt*, the fair and gentle *Paris*, the gay and amiable *Benvolio* — all perish in their youthful prime. *Romeo's* mother dies of a broken heart. All through the woof of life runs this thread of perversion and calamity. But at the basis of *Juliet's* personality and experience, equally with those of *Romeo*, there is a deeper and darker truth — a sort of preordination of evil which is to spring from the sovereign emotion of humanity. All great passion isolates the heart by which it is possessed. Certain natures are born to sorrow, and the impending calamity of a malignant fate darkens with sombre presentiment even their dawn of life, and sequesters them in a mournful strangeness from their fellow-creatures of the earth. The key-note is sounded by *Juliet*, the moment her heart awakens: "Too early seen unknown, and known too late." The same presentiment has already settled upon the

The dismal catastrophe of "Romeo and Juliet."

Great love the sure precursor of great sorrow.

Presentiment.

Miss Anderson's *Juliet* a great performance.

Stage embellishment.

Historic period.

soul of *Romeo*: "My mind misgives some consequence yet hanging in the stars." It is because Miss Anderson has at length grasped this whole subject in this spirit and developed *Juliet* under this inexorable light of truth that her impersonation should be recognised and recorded as an achievement of true greatness in the art to which she has devoted her life, and which she has so long made tributary to results of public beneficence as well as personal renown.

In the setting of this tragedy, under Miss Anderson's direction, the time, the place, the climate, the period of the year, the duration of the action, and the character of the piece have been thoughtfully considered. The year of the story of "Romeo and Juliet," judging from an allusion made by the *Nurse*,—" 'tis since the earthquake now eleven years,"—is 1359; Verona having been visited by a dreadful earthquake in 1348. Another allusion made by the *Nurse* signifies the season of the year and almost the exact date. *Juliet* will be fourteen years of age on Lammas eve—which is the first of August—and when the play opens it wants a "fortnight and odd days" of that date. The action begins, accordingly,

on or about the 14th of July, and Shakespeare has so carefully dated its incidents as to show that they fall out within five days. Such details have been respected, and the result is a scholar-like and superb production.

Time of
action.

Morning and midnight touch their lips together in this brilliant, desolate tragedy. No one who has had youth can think of it without remembering a sacred time when the flowers smelt sweeter than they do now, and the winds were softer, and in the hush of the night there was a celestial mystery, and the stars seemed friends, and the affairs of human beings were infinitely remote and trivial. Then one pair of eyes was worshipped, and one voice was all there is of music, and life was exalted into sanctity. That time can never be called back. Scarcely, in the turmoil of the world, does any man realise that ever it existed. But Shakespeare knew it and could surcharge his mind with its spirit and colour, and he has poured that spirit through the current of this exquisite poem of love, disappointment, and irremediable anguish. Sometimes, whether in reading these scenes or viewing them, one

Love's
young
dream.

Shake-
speare's
knowledge
of the human
heart.

What the
tragedy of
"Romeo
and Juliet"
should teach.

Rest at last.

feels a sudden throb of infinite pain, and seems to hear in his heart a mournful voice speaking unintelligible words of sorrow. Not to all natures comes forth this subtle meaning; but surely that nature is not to be envied which, under the stress and strain of this tragedy, is not made more sympathetic with the terrible earnestness of love; more tender toward youth; more wishful to sweeten and prolong its period of romance, and to shield it from contact with the selfishness and the dreary commonplaces of the world. Nor is that nature enviable which is not touched by the awful, closing picture of love's calamity and ruin. Never, surely, were passion, anguish, and death so well enshrined as under the starless sky that bends over the broken tomb of the Capulets, while the cold night-wind moans around it, and dark branches wave in sorrow above the white, still faces of those true lovers who have died for love. Never was there a sadder spectacle! Yet never did a spectacle so sad present at last a sense of relief so sweet, so absolute, so holy. The sternest moralist upon mortal destiny, as he muses beside that hallowed sepulchre, may well be tempted to murmur the sad words of Swin-

burne, in "The Garden of Proserpine" — Implora
pace.
pagan, yet deeply significant, hopeless, yet
full of comfort :

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be —
That no life lives for ever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Flows somewhere safe to sea.

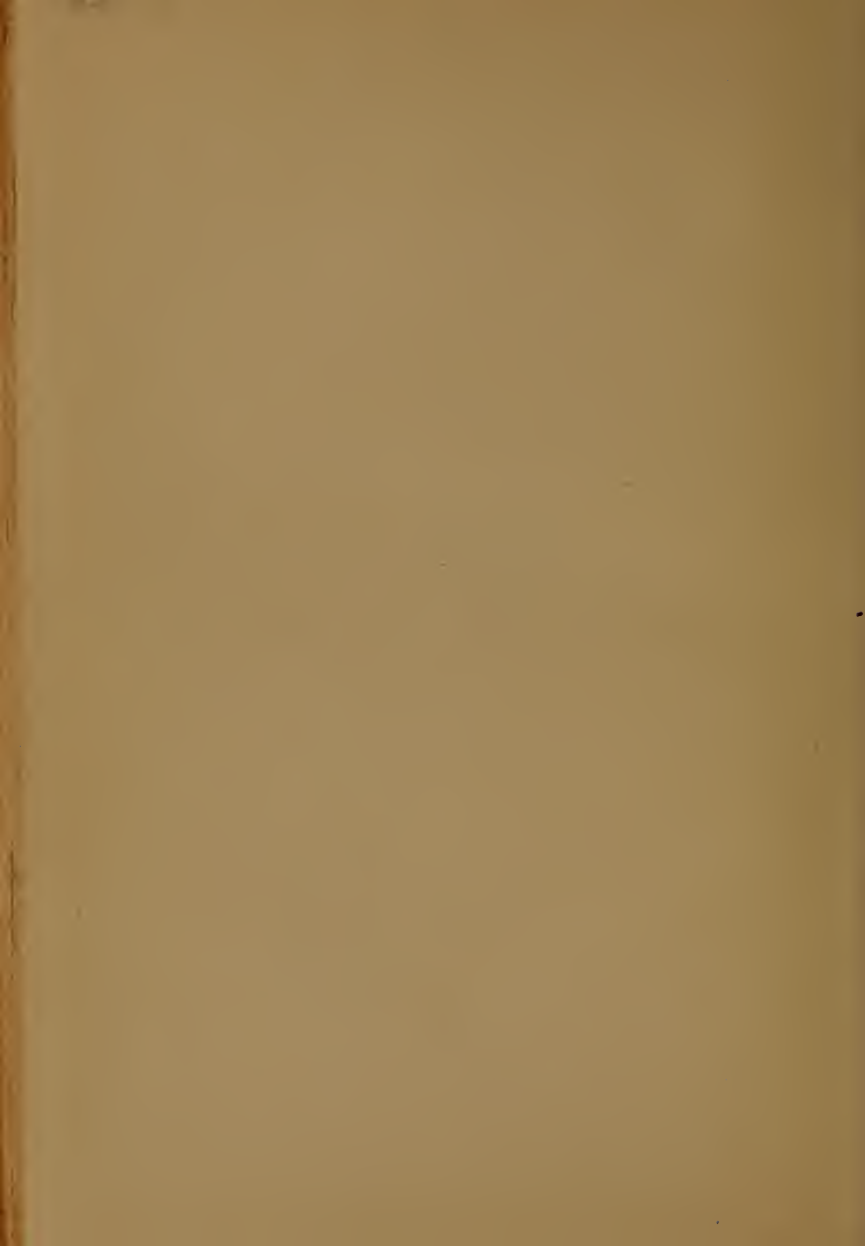


NOTE.

Miss Anderson's theatrical business affairs, from the time of her first appearance on the stage till the time of her first professional visit to England, were managed, under her personal direction, by Dr. Hamilton Griffin. Her two seasons in England, 1883-85, and her tour of America, 1885-86, were directed by Mr. Henry E. Abbey. Miss Anderson sailed from Queenstown on September 28, 1885, aboard the Gallia, and landed in New York on October 6. Her English dramatic company, brought over for this American tour, comprised the following actors: Johnstone Forbes Robertson, Frank Henry Macklin, James George Taylor, Kenneth Black, Sidney Hayes, Arthur Lewis, Henry Vernon, Thomas Bindloss, Lewis Gillispee, Henry Sainsbury, Thomas Gaytie, Joseph Anderson, Mr. Stewart, Adeline (Mrs. John) Billington, Adelaide (Mrs. Charles) Calvert, Blanche (Mrs. F. H.) Macklin, Miss Zeffie Tilbury, and Mrs. K. Black. Miss Eloise Willis, Miss Mary Ayrton (Mrs. C. J. Abud), Mr. Thomas Strong, and Mr.

Joshua Mintz were subsequently added to it. Miss Anderson's American season, beginning on October 12, 1885, and ending on May 22, 1886, lasted thirty-one weeks. She gave two hundred and ten performances, visiting, in succession, New York, Boston, Providence, New Haven, Hartford, Worcester, Springfield, Troy, Buffalo, Syracuse, Utica, Albany, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, Sacramento, San Francisco, Chicago, Boston, and New York. Her farewell week in New York was signalised by the production of "Ingomar," May 18, 1886. She took leave of the American public on Saturday evening, May 22, and sailed, on June 3, aboard the Britannic, for her adopted home in England.







THE STAGE LIFE
OF
MARY ANDERSON

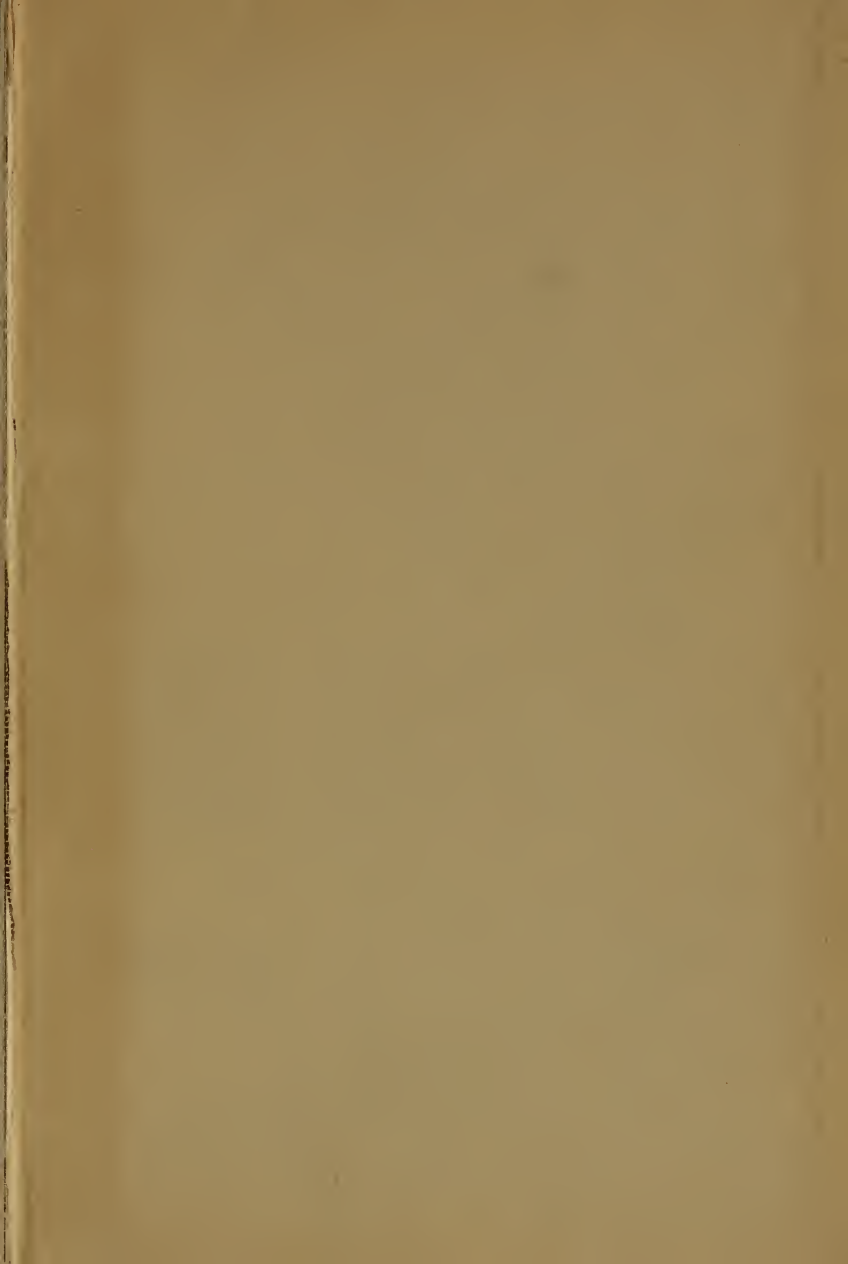
BY
WILLIAM WINTER

*"Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw
And saving those that eye thee."
—Shakespeare.*

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